The Outlook

JULY 7, 1915

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE ARMENIAN: A SEQUEL TO THE LUSITANIA

American citizens have again been killed by German submarine warfare on merchant ships. On Wednesday of last week the American State Department was informed that the Leyland Line steamship Armenian had been torpedoed off the Cornwall coast and that probably twenty or more Americans were among the missing.

The Armenian sailed from Newport News on June 17 with a cargo of horses and mules. There was a crew of seventy-two men aboard, and in addition she carried ninety-six men as mule-tenders. Most of these mule-tenders were Americans and most of the Americans were Negroes.

It was at first rumored that the steamship had been chartered by the British Government, but it was later reported that she was under operation of the Leyland Line. All the details of the circumstances under which this vessel was torpedoed had not reached this country as this issue of The Outlook went to press, but it was announced that she was sunk by the German submarine U-38, and that twenty-nine had been lost and ten injured.

The bigger crime of the Lusitania overshadows the crime of the Armenian. Nothing that Germany can do on the sea can surpass or even equal the magnitude of the offense which she committed when she sent that huge Cunard liner to the bottom with women and little children. But this new crime, though less shocking, is no less significant, for it reveals the determination of Germany to continue her submarine warfare in utter disregard of American protests.

It has been suggested that the Armenian might be considered an auxiliary transport if it is proved that it was chartered by the British Government, and that if that were shown to be true it would deprive the United States Government of a cause for protest. This comment is thoughtless. Either the Armenian was a merchant vessel, or else she was a part of the armed forces of Germany's enemy. If she was a merchant vessel, even though she belonged to a belligerent, she had the rights of a merchant vessel, and to torpedo her without warning, even though she was chartered by the British Government, was to commit a crime in the eyes of international law and in the eyes of every right-thinking civilized person. If she belonged to the armed forces of a belligerent, then she could not have left an American port unless this country connived at her departure. The course in that case for Germany to have pursued was immediately to have offered evidence and protested against the sailing of this vessel. Germany did not do this, and she now has no right to make this new claim after committing the act of torpedoing the vessel. This suggestion that the Armenian is an auxiliary transport is on the same level with the German claim that the Lusitania was an auxiliary cruiser, and the fallacy can be exposed in the same way.

The only possible excuse that Germany can give for this act is by alleging that the Armenian resisted capture, and ground for this excuse does not at this date appear.

It is reported that most of the Americans who lost their lives were Negroes. White or black, they were Americans.

Even though these men were on a ship chartered by the British Government, they were non-combatants, and there should be no confusion in the minds of Americans concerning the rights of these American citizens. They had the rights at least of non-combatants. The loss of these lives is a lesson to this country that it cannot afford to take any lower ground than that the rights of all non-combatants are the concern of the American Government.

What will follow this new deed in Germany's lawless warfare? We hope it will not be more notes. Germany has shown that she does not care how many notes we send her, so long as she can continue her course unmolested. The sinking of the Armenian calls for prompt action. We here reiterate, what we have already said, that such action does not necessarily mean war. We can declare non-intercourse with Germany, forbidding all trade between this country and the offending nation, and invite all other neutral Powers to unite with us in this policy. Or we can go further than this: We might refuse all political intercourse with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany, and thus say in the most emphatic manner possible that we will have nothing more to do with a lawless nation until it discontinues its lawless acts. Or we might go even further than this: We might say to Germany, You refuse to us the rights of a neutral; you have put to death unarmed American citizens; you have trespassed beyond the limits which civilized nations have placed upon the action of belligerents, and therefore you have no right to expect us to perform the duties of a neutral; you have deprived yourself of all right to claim neutrality of us; we are therefore placing guards upon German ships, opening our ports to the fleets of the Allies, and, with the sanction of the Government, are furthering the sending of munitions of war to the Allies; and we shall continue to feel free from the restraints of neutrality until you return to the practice of respecting our neutral rights.

THE BRITISH MEMORANDUM

Great Britain has sent, not a full reply but a memorandum, in reply to our protest that Great Britain had no right, under the principles of international law, to interfere with American non-contraband cargoes bound to and from the ports of neutral countries adjacent to Germany. The British Government maintains that there has been no undue delay in dealing with ships necessarily detained in the legitimate prosecution of her blockade. She claims that delays in the prize court proceedings have been caused entirely by the failure of American shippers to supply the proof of their contentions, and by their asking for postponements.

On the question of cotton cargoes the claim is made that special consideration has been shown Americans, and that the principal representatives of American cotton interests describe the final arrangement reached between them and the British Government as conceding all that American interests could properly ask. As regards the more general allegation of delay in dealing with cases of detained cargoes, facts and figures are cited to aid the British contention.

The British Government further states that special treatment has been accorded to cargoes of particular products destined for the United States and said to be indispensable for the industries of our country. Again, we are told that our importers have now had three months since the declaration of the blockade in which to clear off their purchase in enemy territory, and that in view of the circumstances the United States should acknowledge that great consideration has been shown to American interests. Despite the lapse of the extended period of time during which the British Government has permitted shipments to pass from Germany to neutral countries, the British Government states that it is still prepared hereafter to give special consideration to cases presented to it and involving particular hardship if the goods concerned are required for neutral governments or municipalities or for works of public utility where payment can be shown to have been made before the 1st of March, 1915.

It is not yet known, of course, what will be the reply of our Government to this memorandum. In taking up again our main contention, namely, that Great Britain has no right to interfere with American non-contraband cargoes bound to and from the ports of neutral countries adjacent to Germany, we shall be considerably hampered by precedents which we ourselves have done much to establish. Our own doctrine of the "continuous voyage," which declares that the character of goods in transit shall be judged by their ultimate destination, and our suppression of the cotton trade of the South during the Civil War, an act which worked great hardship to the mill owners and workmen of England, is not likely to be forgotten in the present controversy.

A NEW WIND IN GERMANY

Coming right on the heels of German success in Galicia, the peace appeal of the Socialist party in Germany is a straw strongly indicative of a new wind blowing through the political currents in the Fatherland. It is not difficult to see why the official organ of the German Socialists, the "Vorwärts" of Berlin, was suppressed for the publication of the peace manifesto. It is not only a denial of the aspirations of Prussian *Kultur* and Bernhardism, of the political philosophy that calls for "a place in the sun" and "world power or downfall," but it is a direct notice to the world and to the enemies of Germany that all is not well in the Fatherland, that the pinch of war is becoming unbearable for many of the Germans, and that many of them can see nothing ahead but exhaustion and deadlock unless peace is quickly made.

This proclamation is a notice to the world that the boasted German unity is dissolving, if it ever existed. But, by the same token, it is a warning to the world that, if there ever has been any doubt about the intentions of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the German war party, that doubt has also vanished.

With a bewailing of the cost of this war, the Socialist promulgation begins: "Must this terrible drama, which has no precedent in the history of the world, go on indefinitely?"

But the Socialist party is not to blame; it "foresaw this world catastrophe and predicted it. It has consistently fought, therefore, against the policies of Imperial expansion and against the fatal competition in armaments, which in the last instance is the cause of this war."

Nevertheless, the German Socialists would have it known that they are good and loyal Germans, for "when the Czar's Cossacks came across the border, pillaging and burning, the Socialists made good the promise that had been given by their leaders—they put themselves at the service of the Fatherland and voted the means for its defense." But, withal, it is pointed out that they never lost sight of "the obligations which all Socialist parties are bound to respect," and when the first war loan was voted in the Reichstag the Social Democrats demanded that "as soon as guarantees of national safety are secured . . . the war be brought to an end on conditions admitting of friendly relations with neighboring nations."

Not only have the German Socialists made efforts to bring about an international agreement, it is said, which efforts "were thwarted by the attitude of the French Socialists," but "the Socialists in the Reichstag and the official leaders of the Socialist party have constantly and unitedly fought against a policy of conquests and annexation. . . .

"The people want no conquest of land, they want peace. If the war is not to go on indefinitely until all the nations are completely exhausted, some one of the Powers involved must stretch out the hand of peace. Upon Germany, which has successfully defended itself against superior forces, and which has frustrated the plan to bring it to starvation, rests the duty of taking the first steps toward peace. In the name of humanity and civilization, and recognizing the favorable military position which our brave troops have won, we urge the Government to try to end the struggle. We expect of our fellow-Socialists in other belligerent countries that they will make the same demand upon their own governments."

How many Germans were directly reached by this declaration of independence from Prussianism, which was printed in the form of an advertisement, it is hard to tell. The suppression of the Socialist journal was inevitable, for in every mind that it reached this document was bound to plant the seed of discontent. It was also calculated to urge the proletariat into thinking on its own account, something which has never been tolerated by autocracies, and never will be.

THE FIGHTING ON LAND

The fall of Lemberg was not the culmination of the Austro-German forward movement; it was the greatest single feat which that remarkable campaign has accomplished, but from the Galician capital the Teutonic hosts swept ahead with strength almost as irresistible apparently as they showed in the first fifty miles of the Galician drive. In the week following the capture of Lemberg the Austro-Germans were reported to have brushed the Russians over a long stretch of the Dniester southeast of Lemberg and to have captured Halicz. The next news was that they had forced the Russians to fall back over the Gnila Lipa, a tributary of the Dniester which crosses the railway from Lemberg to Tarnopol, and that the Slavs had also been obliged to give up many positions on the Tanew and on the lower San, both north of Lemberg near the frontier of Russian Poland. In fact, the Germans have crossed into Poland near Tomaszow, and it begins to look more and more as if the next large movement of the Teutons would be aimed at Warsaw.

The French have been continuing their vigorous attacks near the two ends of their line, in the section from Arras to a point west of Lille, and in the Vosges. The fight for Lille has been going slightly to the French, but only at a high cost in men and metal.

The progress of the Italians has become slower in both the Trieste and Trentino campaigns. The most important recent development has been the menacing of Riva by a Latin force which went into Austrian territory west of Lake Garda. Riva is the only important town on this lake now held by Austria.

BRITISH DREADNOUGHT AND GERMAN SUBMARINE

The "man-on-the-street" in America is frequently heard inquiring the whereabouts of the British fleet and criticising it for not accomplishing more. Such criticism is based on a profound misunderstanding of the naval

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

situation. Just where the British fleet is none but members of the British Admiralty and a few favored individuals outside can say, but it is doing its work well. The starvation of Germany has been proved practically impossible, but the starvation of Great Britain might almost have been accomplished by this time had England's fleet been crushed in September. But every day a stream of bread and beef is poured into England from across the seas, and nothing is heard of German war-ships of any kind except submarines.

The effectiveness of the submarine has, of course, been the greatest surprise of the war at sea thus far, but it is wrong to assume, as many people are assuming, that the submarine has made the battle-ship obsolete. Far from it. Take all her dreadnoughts from Great Britain and give her five or fifty submarines for each of them and prepare to write *finis* to England's career as a great sea Power.

The exploits of Germany's submarines have been so dramatic that we are inclined to overestimate the value of their services. In war-ships England has lost by submarines only a fraction of the number of vessels that she has built since the war began.

As to the destruction of enemy merchantmen, the "Frankfurter Zeitung" of June 6 published a list of 111 such vessels sunk by German undersea craft since the promulgation of the maritime war zone on February 18. Some of these were French and Russian, yet were they all British they would constitute an almost insignificant part of the grand total of the British merchant marine. This the "Frankfurter Zeitung" recognizes, admitting that the figures may "not seem especially large in comparison with the gigantic number of merchant ships flying the flag of the enemy." Germany's *Unterseeboten* are causing a good deal of annoyance, but they are not accomplishing much attrition.

GAVRIO PRINZIP

June 28 was the anniversary of the firing of two shots which were heard around the world, which, in fact, began a conflagration that has reached all corners of the globe, and that promises to change the map of the world as the flames of war have never changed it before. Yet how many men remembered this anniversary, and how many remember Gavrio Prinzip, the young Bosnian student who now lies in an Austrian prison, even in whose remotest recesses he can hear occasionally the tumult of the great conflict which his revolver began?

For although the shooting of the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenburg, was not the cause of the great war which now involves eleven nations, it was the occasion and excuse for the commencement of hostilities. The cause lay deeper.

Nevertheless, Gavrio Prinzip's shots were the sparks that lit the powder magazine of the world, which, exploding into a blaze that has run from frozen Siberia to torrid Africa and the lazy, basking islands of the Southern seas, has grown to a holocaust so horribly tremendous that within a year Gavrio Prinzip has been almost forgotten in its flare.

MEXICO: IS THERE A NEW REVOLUTION?

It would seem that Mexico had trouble enough without an added revolution. But unless reports from many sources are groundless, a new movement—and one not at all likely to compose the conflict between the armies already in the field—is gathering strength.

The most sensational Mexican news of the week was the arrest of Huerta and Pascual Orozco, formerly bitter enemies but now apparently bosom friends, in Texas and not far from El Paso. They were almost at once released on bonds of $15,000 and $7,500 respectively. The charge made against them is that of violating our neutrality laws by inciting an armed expedition into a foreign country. This is not an easy charge to prove, but it is to be assumed that evidence of the existence of such an intention is in the possession of our Government. Press comments on these arrests interpret Huerta's evident intent to re-enter Mexico in two ways. One is that a combination of Mexican leaders who dislike both Villa and Carranza, or who have come to the conclusion that nothing is to be hoped from either, has been formed with the purpose of putting a new army in the field, and that Huerta was to be one of the leaders, if not the head, of this movement; the other is that Huerta's journey toward Mexico was intended to distract attention from other movements of the new revolutionists.

Another puzzling development in the Mexican question last week has been the presence in this country of General Angeles and two or three officers of his staff. Here again two solutions are offered. One is that General

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Angeles represents Villa, and that he is seeking to present to President Wilson Villa's views on a possible compromise between Villa and Carranza; and in support of this view it is known that General Angeles has tried to see the President, but up to the 1st of July had not succeeded; the other is that, with the errand just outlined as a pretext, General Angeles is engaged in plotting for the new revolution.

The situation in Mexico, political and military, is thus evidently not less but more complicated, and, so far as immediate results are concerned, more hopeless than before. How far is this state of things to go? What conceivably more desperate anarchy is to occur before the time arrives, foreshadowed by President Wilson, when he mildly intimated in his last utterance on Mexico that, unless an agreement was made by Mexicans upon a Presidential candidate and a Government acceptable to the United States and to the world, it would become the duty of the United States "to decide what means should be employed by the United States in order to help Mexico save herself and serve her people"?

Meanwhile, the oft-repeated declarations of Carranza that he was on the point of entering the City of Mexico had not, up to July 1, been fulfilled. The meager reports received by our State Department assert that conditions in Mexico City are even more serious than before, that two thousand American residents are endangered by the fighting close to the city between the forces of Zapata and Carranza, and that food is scarce and the people are almost panic-stricken. For twelve days previous to July 1 Mexico City had been absolutely cut off from the world so far as railway and telegraphic communications are concerned.

THE BRIBERY INDICTMENTS IN INDIANA

Thomas Taggart, Democratic National Committeeman, a prominent political figure and a reactionary influence in city, State, and Nation, has been indicted by a Grand Jury for election frauds in Indiana. With him are indicted Joseph E. Bell, Mayor of the city of Indianapolis, and no fewer than one hundred and twenty-six other politicians. It would obviously be wrong and improper to express any opinion upon the truth of the charges made while the trial is pending. It may, however, be said that when such charges are made, it is due to public security and honor that judicial and searching inquiry should be made into methods the very rumors of which are a public scandal.

These indictments, following the indictments and convictions in Terre Haute, already recorded in The Outlook, seem on their face to indicate that a revolt against political dishonesty is sweeping through the State of Indiana. In Terre Haute the indictments were brought in a somewhat roundabout way through the Federal courts; in Indiana the indictments are rendered directly by a county Grand Jury after an inquiry which has lasted five months, in which over eighteen hundred witnesses have been called, and which has cost (according to one Indiana paper) over four million dollars. The charges are of the most elaborate kind, and the forty-eight counts are combined into one general charge that the men accused have conspired to commit a felony. It would be hard to name any possible act of corruption and bribery relating to voting which is not set forth in one or other of these counts. As alleged, ballots were marked, ballot-boxes were stuffed, voters were coerced, not only intimidation but assaults took place, false registry was made, votes were traded, ignorant voters were cheated, the police at the polls acted as partisans, voting machines were tampered with—and so on and so on, with every conceivable variety of political iniquity. The election at which, according to the Grand Jury, these things took place was that of November, 1914. A notable thing about the indictments is that the more important men indicted were not so much accused of individual acts as of having set in motion a conspiracy which aimed, by means of unlawful acts committed by subordinates, to bring about a dishonest result of the election.

In defense, Taggart and the other political leaders say that a recent Federal Grand Jury investigation in Indianapolis did not result in indictment, that the men who have managed the inquiry are hypocritical and political "strikers," and, of course, that the allegations are false. The case, when tried, will doubtless be even more important and sensational than the cases at Terre Haute.

THE LACKAWANNA COAL DECISION

Among the recent decisions of the Supreme Court of great moment is that of the United States against the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Company, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Coal Company.

Coal is one of the prime necessities; it exists in limited fields, and anthracite is particularly subject to monopolistic control. Through the purchase of coal-fields by the railways the anthracite of this country became very largely, if not wholly, under the control of certain railways. A law was passed by Congress forbidding railways to transport in inter-State commerce, except for the purpose of their own use, any commodity in which they had any interest, direct or indirect. The railways affected immediately took measures to reorganize their coal holdings so as to comply at least with the letter of the law. In the case of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad a new company was formed, consisting very largely of the same officers and the same stockholders as the railway. To this new company, called the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Coal Company, the railway, which still owned the coal mines, agreed to sell its coal, stipulating that the coal company should buy all the coal that the railway company offered it at the mine. The coal company agreed to buy no other coal except with the consent of the railway, agreed to deliver coal to certain customers of the railway even at a loss, and agreed that it would not hold the railway company to liability for failure to supply as much coal as the coal company wanted. Under this arrangement the railway company still owned the coal mines and, until it sold the coal to the coal company, the coal itself; but it did not as owner transport it across the State border.

It was argued by the defendant companies that the railway, after selling the coal, neither owned nor controlled it. But the Supreme Court has now held that the terms of the contract between the two companies are such that they do not conform to the intent of the so-called Commodities Clause; that, entirely apart from the question as to whether the stockholders of the two companies are properly protected, the interest of the public is concerned; and that the contract is such that it would have a tendency to effect a monopoly. If the railway wants to mine and sell coal, it must leave the buyer as free as any other buyer who pays for what he has bought, and allow the buyer to act as an independent dealer in active competition with the railway company. Under the circumstances, the Supreme Court decides that the contract is invalid. Thus the Supreme Court reverses the decision of the lower court, which at the time seemed largely to nullify the Commodities Clause.

This decision is welcome to all those who believe that it is legitimate to require a railway company to limit itself to its business of transportation, and to those who believe that it is of the utmost importance that no technicality should stand in the way of the operation of laws to prevent monopoly in the natural resources of the country.

BLAZING THE TRAIL OF TRADE

Coming soon after the Pan-American Financial Conference, recently held at Washington, the announcement of the appointment by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo of committees to work for the extension of American trade into the Latin-American countries will be received with great interest by the business men of this country. It may be said that the inauguration of a definite scheme of trade expansion under Government auspices will have a bearing of immeasurable importance on the industrial and economic future of this country. The Commission appointed by Secretary McAdoo has no official status, but it is confidently believed that he will ask the President to give this body an official standing. Viewing the establishment of this Commission as an actual step by the Government to promote industry, without regard to legislation, it is highly significant and promising.

Secretary McAdoo, in naming the personnel of the American members of the International High Commission on Uniform Legislation and of a committee to arrange for visits of American business men to South and Central American countries, announced the continuance of the "group committees" that co-operated at the recent conference. Mr. McAdoo assumes the chairmanship of the Commission. Dr. John Bassett Moore, of Columbia University, former Counselor to the State Department, was made Vice-Chairman. The members of the Commission, besides Secretary McAdoo and Dr. Moore, are: John H. Fahey, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; David R. Francis, of St. Louis; E. H. Gary, Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation; A. Barton Hepburn, Chairman of the Directorate of the Chase National Bank of New

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York; George M. Reynolds, President of the Continental-Commercial National Bank of Chicago; Henry P. Davison, of J. P. Morgan & Co., New York; and Samuel Untermyer, of New York. A sub-committee was appointed to each Latin-American country, seventeen in all. These committees are made up of men of distinction in the financial and commercial world, among whom are Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York; John Hays Hammond; Cyrus H. McCormick, of the International Harvester Company; Henry Ford, the Detroit automobile manufacturer; Harry A. Wheeler; and Charles R. Crane, of Chicago.

MR. VANDERLIP, TRADE PIONEER

The inclusion of Mr. Vanderlip is important in view of the valuable pioneer work which he and the National City Bank of New York have performed in paving the way to the establishment of satisfactory trade relations between the Americas. The National City Bank, besides maintaining a large Foreign Trade Department and issuing a worthy monthly magazine, "The Americas," devoted to Latin-American trade development, has established three South American branches—at Buenos Aires, Argentina; Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and Santos, Brazil, and has recently announced that three new branches in Latin America are soon to be opened—at Havana, Cuba; São Paulo, Brazil; and Montevideo, Uruguay. The Commercial National Bank of Washington has established a branch at Panama, and the Continental-Commercial National Bank of Chicago plans several Latin-American branches.

There is no subject of greater material consequence at this time in the United States than the extension of American trade; and there is every indication that President Wilson plans to make the enactment of a law for the rehabilitation of the American merchant marine the *pièce de résistance* of the next Congress. Business men may disagree as to how this merchant marine can best be established, but they agree emphatically on the one point, viz., that American manufacturing interests must have a way of transporting their products after they have developed a demand for them in foreign countries.

Secretary McAdoo's Commission will work for the harmonization of trade laws, and for the establishment of a gold standard throughout the Western Hemisphere; will seek to establish a uniform system governing bills of exchange, bills of lading, and commercial paper, and to establish a uniform classification of merchandise and uniform postal regulations; and will determine upon a system of arbitration of commercial disputes.

THE CRIMINAL INSANE

The notorious case of Harry Thaw, who killed Stanford White, seems interminable. After escaping from the insane asylum at Matteawan, spending some months as a refugee in New Hampshire, and undergoing trial on a charge of conspiracy in New York State—a charge of which he was acquitted—he has succeeded in securing another trial, or, perhaps more accurately, an inquiry, to determine whether he is now sane enough to be set at liberty. Men who had become acquainted with him during his sojourn in New Hampshire came on to testify as to their belief in his sanity. One man was asked whether Thaw had in his presence displayed any egotism. "No, siree," replied the witness; "he never uttered a profane word once." On cross-examination it appeared that one of these witnesses had leased an office to Thaw and had sold him an automobile. Another testified that he wanted Thaw to become a resident of the Canadian city from which he came, on the ground that the town was trying to induce men of capital to settle there. Another testified that while Thaw was in the witness's town he was a good spender. What value is testimony from witnesses of this sort as to a man's sanity? What kind of guarantee for the safety of a community does this sort of testimony afford?

We do not anticipate the result of this inquiry; but we find in the inquiry itself a new proof of the need for revising the present legal methods of dealing with the criminal insane. It certainly is not reasonable that a man should be acquitted of a crime on the ground of insanity, and then, after being confined in an insane asylum, have the privilege of applying again and again for release. When a man has once been declared insane, the question of his sanity is one that can be properly determined only by medical and legal experts. Certainly no man who has committed a crime of violence, and has been committed on account of insanity, should be let loose upon the community without some responsible guarantee that his liberation will not be a danger to others. A committee of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the New York Bar Association and a committee of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence have been considering the question of revising the laws regarding the criminal insane. They agree on one point. At present a jury may acquit a prisoner on the ground of insanity. Both these committees agree in saying that a jury should be allowed to find the verdict, "Guilty, but insane." The two committees differ in respect to the circumstances under which such a verdict should be rendered, but both agree that the present method is dangerous, and that when it has been proved that a man has committed a crime while insane he should be legally subject to restraint, and should not have the privilege that is allowed to those who are proved or presumed to be innocent. Another suggestion has been that a jury in a criminal case should not be allowed to determine whether the prisoner was sane or insane, but should merely determine the question of fact as to the commission of the crime, and that then, if there has been a plea of insanity raised in the case, the question of insanity should be left to a commission of experts appointed for the purpose. At present neither the community, nor the criminal, nor other prisoners who are subjected to confinement with insane persons, can be even reasonably sure of justice and security.

THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

The American Association of University Professors has issued a report of very great importance in a matter which deeply concerns American universities. The preliminary findings of its Committee of Inquiry appointed to investigate conditions at the University of Utah are now at hand. The Outlook reported, several weeks ago, the removal and resignation of a large number of the most experienced professors of that University. The American Association announces that it is unable as yet to publish a complete report owing to the fact that on the matter of the charge that one of the professors has "worked against the administration" additional evidence is forthcoming but not yet secured.

The Committee has examined a great number of documents, statements and replies from both the majority and the minority of the Board of Regents, from the President of the University, and from persons connected with the institution. It finds that of the four charges brought against the professors who were dismissed in March two specific acts—expressing in a private conversation with a colleague an unfavorable opinion of the Chairman of the Board of Regents, and, also in private conversation, speaking in "a very uncomplimentary way of the University administration"—are not proper grounds for the dismissal of university teachers. The Committee also reports that the President of the University and the Chairman of the Board of Regents have virtually given notice that the expression by a professor in private conversation of an unfavorable judgment of their qualifications for office would be a ground for dismissal—a conclusion which reflects on the common sense of those officials, to say nothing of their sense of fairness and of the dignity of the professorial position.

The report also finds that in the case of what its signers regard as the only significant charge against one of the professors, that of "working against the administration," the President accepted the confidential statements of private informants without investigation; that he did not permit the professor concerned to know the names of his accusers; that he presented the charge to the Board of Regents and also published it after receiving a sweeping denial of the truth of the charge from the professor in question. The Board accepted the President's recommendation for the dismissal of this professor without knowing the source of the principal accusation against him or the nature of the evidence upon which it was based; the Board declared in a statement published in April that "the Board is not concerned to know who is right and who is wrong in this disagreement, but only to determine the relative value of the services of those concerned and to eliminate from the University those whose services it believes to be least valuable."

REFUSED INVESTIGATION

The Board has given two irreconcilable versions of its attitude towards the request for a public and searching investigation of the charges. In March, in reply to a petition from certain alumni, it "refused to be forced into a public or any investigation." The Board also states that opportunity for an investigation was actually offered the professors accused and was rejected. The Committee finds that, though the professors accused were invited to appear at a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meeting of the Board, no thorough and public investigation such as had been asked for has ever been made either by the President or by the Board of Regents. The Committee of the American Association has submitted to the Board the sworn statement of one of the professors categorically denying the truth of the charge against him; but the Board has refused to reopen the cases of the professors against whom these charges were brought. It finds that one of the causes of the resignation of the members of the Faculty was the existence of conditions which provided no means of bringing the views of the Faculty on University matters, when those views differed from those of the President, to the notice of the Regents.

Since the resignations were made the Board has adopted radical alterations in the plan of administration of the University which should give the institution an advanced position among American colleges in respect to provision for consultation between faculty and trustees. The Committee expresses the hope that much good will result from these alterations, but reserves final judgment until they have been tested by experience. It also expresses its deep regret that the Board has refused to apply its new procedure to the cases that have recently come before it, and puts itself on record as bound in simple justice to give the credit for whatever benefits may accrue to the University from these reforms to the professors who by their resignations made effective protest against the conditions that have now been changed.

IMPROPER PRESSURE

The Committee finds that under the present administration there has existed a tendency to repress "legitimate utterances on the part of both Faculty and students upon religious, political, or economic questions when such utterances were thought likely to arouse the disapproval of influential persons or organizations, and thus to affect unfavorably the University's appropriations."

The Committee also finds that the Governor of the State (who is not a member of the Board of Regents) brought pressure to bear upon the University authorities to have them curb or discipline any teachers who had passed favorably upon the speech of the class valedictorian of 1914, which contained sentiments of which the Governor did not approve.

In regard to the widespread belief that Mormon influence was behind these dismissals, the Committee reports that it has not received evidence such as would enable it to judge of the motives of the President and the Board of Regents in making either removals or appointments.

The Committee concludes that one of the gravest features of the crisis at the University is the attitude still maintained by the Board of Regents towards the numerous petitions asking for a thorough public investigation of the recent incidents and of general University conditions; petitions that have come from the Faculty, the Alumni Association, students, and a large number of the citizens of the State of Utah. All these petitions the Board has rejected on the ground that it alone is responsible for the management of the University. The Committee declares that every institution of public education, and especially every State University, requires for its success the confidence and respect of the public; that there can be no sure hold upon that confidence without an unflinching readiness to face publicity in regard to all official acts and policies; and that the only effective way in which any public body can meet serious charges brought by responsible persons is by demanding a searching and open inquiry.

The Committee is of opinion that the attitude of the Board has aroused on the part of a large section of the local public, including a majority of the alumni and of the students, suspicion and hostility detrimental to the University's efficiency as an instrument of public education. These findings are signed by Professors Seligman and Dewey, of Columbia University; Fetter and Warren, of Princeton; Lichtenberger, of the University of Pennsylvania; and Lovejoy, of Johns Hopkins University.

It is hard to see how the President and the Board of Regents of the University can ignore a challenge which is National in its character.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES

Harvard has just dedicated a library building, the most capacious and well appointed of any possessed by an American university. It is a memorial to Harry Elkins Widener, graduated in 1907, engulfed with the Titanic in 1912, and is the gift of his mother, Mrs. George D. Widener, of Philadelphia. In her behalf Senator Henry Cabot Lodge presented

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it to the University in a felicitous and memorable address. Another unusual event was the graduation of Lionel de Jersey Harvard, of London, a lineal descendant of the founder of the college. He now returns to join the British army, and as Class Poet read a stirring lyric, adjuring all Harvard men in the present crisis of civilization to stand for their historic ideals of freedom.

Ancient custom requires the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to be represented at Harvard's Commencement by its Chief Magistrate, who regularly goes escorted by a cavalry troop—"the Lancers." Governor Walsh's address pointed to the European crisis as caused by moral evils from which our people are not yet free. He emphasized the need, now more urgent than ever, "for the very service that Harvard was created to give—the rearing of leaders, wise and strong and true, to guide public opinion aright through difficulties and dangers which no nation has ever wholly escaped."

Harvard conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Theodore N. Vail, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; Myron T. Herrick, lately American Ambassador to France; Judge Edgar M. Cullen, of New York; Isaac Sharpless, President of Haverford College; and John F. Moors, of the Boston Finance Commission; and that of Doctor of Divinity upon Paul R. Frothingham, of Boston, and Bishop Greer, of New York.

Of note elsewhere was the conferring of the doctorate of laws by Colgate University on Robert Lansing, Secretary of State, and by the University of Pennsylvania on John Wanamaker and Josiah S. Graves, Superintendent of the Alabama School for the Colored Deaf and Blind. New York University announced the opening, July 15, of a new course of study of National importance, undertaken in co-operation with the State authorities. It is designed to lead up through a full two years' course to a new distinction, "Doctor of Public Health."

DR. SUZZALLO

The appointment of Dr. Henry Suzzallo as President of the University of Washington recalls a chapter in the book of romance of American life. Dr. Suzzallo's parents came from the Italia Irredenta, near Trieste, and he has both Italian and Slavic blood in his veins.

Dr. Suzzallo's portrait appears on another page. He was born less than forty years ago in San José, California; was graduated from the California State Normal School, later from Stanford University, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia in 1905. His academic career was punctuated, so to speak, with practical work as a teacher and as an educational administrator—work which has been no small part of his education. He was at one time Deputy Superintendent of Schools in San Francisco. During the last eight years he has been in the service of Columbia University as Adjunct Professor of Elementary Education and Professor of Educational Sociology; and has acted on two occasions as Dean of the Teachers College. His career has been to the last degree creditable to his character and intelligence.

His promise as a boy secured him opportunities for education; while his charm, both as youth and man, have won him warm friends from the beginning. He is not only a man of intellectual ability and force, but he has inherited from his Latin and Slavic ancestry personal charm. He is an admirable public speaker; a man who combines with firmness and integrity ease and flexibility of manner. His firmness is shaded but not compromised by courtesy and suavity.

Dr. Suzzallo is likely to be a real force for education and integrity of public and private life on the Pacific coast.

ATHLETICS

The time-honored discussion of the advantages of the English and the American stroke received a new impetus on June 25, when Yale rowed to decisive victory over the Harvard Varsity. It will be remembered that a year ago the Yale crew, coached by an Englishman, defeated the Harvard Varsity by less than a yard. This year the defeat was decisive, for the Yale crew crossed the finish line some seven lengths in front of its rival. It was a well-deserved victory and unexpectedly disheartening to the supporters of the crew from Cambridge, for Harvard entered the race proclaimed as the probable winner.

The regatta at Poughkeepsie went back to its traditional outcome by returning a victory for Cornell. It was only after a dramatic fight, however, that the crew from Lake Cayuga bested its rival from Syracuse and the crew from Leland Stanford. With less of the finesse and skill of Courtney's men, the crew from the Pacific rowed a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remarkable race, and one which earned for them a large share of the glory of the contest. Syracuse finished third, with Columbia and Pennsylvania trailing in the ruck. The victory this year was doubly grateful to Cornell, for it may prove to be the last race in which the crew from Ithaca is to have the advantage of Mr. Courtney's coaching. This veteran of the oar is sixty-eight years old, and but one year of his last contract as a coach remains unserved. Two weeks before the race, in the train that brought Cornell to the Hudson, he sustained a serious fall. His skull was slightly fractured, an injury from which it is expected that he will recover. The courage which he showed in continuing his work during the last days of preparation was worthy of the victory won by his pupils.

On the baseball diamond, in the triangular contest between Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, premier honors went to Harvard. After defeating Princeton in three straight games and Yale in two, at the final game of the series the Cambridge team suffered an unexpectedly overwhelming defeat by the score of 13–0 at the hands of Yale. This year it was arranged that the three teams should each play three games, the final victory to be awarded to the college with the highest percentage of victories. In other words, the method by which the professional teams are rated was adopted. It cannot be said that the scheme was entirely successful, for the winning team lost interest when victory in the series had already been secured.

MILITARY CAMPS FOR BUSINESS MEN

The Outlook has already recorded its hearty approval of the summer camps conducted by the War Department for the training of college men and high school graduates. These camps, at which young men have had an opportunity to acquire the essential knowledge of tactics, camp sanitation, and military transport, have proved more than successful—so successful, in fact, that many of the students who have spent from four to six weeks in these camps have been rated as qualified for the rank of a second lieutenant in command of volunteer troops.

Now the first step has been taken in extending this more than valuable work to the training of men beyond the student age, but still available for service. The idea was first conceived at a meeting in the Harvard Club of New York City, addressed by General Leonard Wood. The graduates of other colleges and universities were called later into consultation and the proposition accepted with enthusiasm. Within a few days after notice of the plan to establish a summer camp for business men was announced enrollment applications began to come in. It is now expected that in the New York Camp near Plattsburgh barracks nearly one thousand business men will be in attendance. The movement is reported as spreading to other States.

As in the training camps conducted by the War Department for the benefit of students, the business men's camp at Plattsburgh during the four weeks from August 10 to September 6 will be under the direct supervision of officers of the United States army. Attendance will not increase either the legal or the moral obligations of those who attend for military service. In the announcement of the project a summary of what these citizen soldiers may expect is given as follows:

> The course will comprise company and battalion drill, the mechanism and use of the modern military rifle (including target practice), military hygiene, tactics, strategy, etc. Such troops of the regular army as may be available will co-operate in the military instruction and in the different field maneuvers, exercises, and demonstrations. These will include exercises in the different arms, including the engineer, signal, and medical corps, the purpose being to furnish the basic training for all branches of the land service, which can be supplemented later by specialization, according to the preference and qualification of the individual, so as to give the men opportunities to follow the branches for which they can be best qualified. Maneuvers with regular troops representing the opposing force will be held toward the end of the camp.
>
> The mornings will be devoted to a progressive programme of instruction in the duties of a soldier, from those of private to company commander. The afternoons will be devoted to more special instruction, including courses, among others, in military map-making, signaling, military hygiene, etc. In the evenings lectures will be given and discussions held on various military subjects.

Such military training camps as these are in the best accord with the American spirit and with the highest development of American traditions. Theoretically, every male citizen of military age is part of the militia of the United States. In volunteering for training of this kind and in fitting himself for service as a volunteer officer a citizen is only equipping himself to perform one of his fundamental obligations to his country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DUTY OF A NEUTRAL NATION

Is the moral sense of nations breaking down? The use of poisonous gases, the torpedoing of defenseless merchant vessels, the mining of the open seas, the deliberate and systematized attempt to terrorize non-combatants, and other violations of what have been regarded as the laws of civilized warfare raise this question in the minds of many. Is it possible that those standards of international conduct that have been laboriously raised through ages are to be permanently lost? Is this war sinking the world to a level lower than savagery?

It is well established that there has been such a thing as international law, not only in peace, but also in war. Such international law is not an imaginary thing, but is, according to Hall's work on "International Law," a "product of the special civilization of modern Europe, and forms a highly artificial system of which the principles cannot be supposed to be understood or recognized by countries differently civilized." More than that, it has been judicially established that international law is a part of the law of every civilized nation. Justice Gray, in an opinion of the Supreme Court, said that "international law is part of our law." Lord Mansfield quoted Lord Talbot in declaring that "the law of nations, in its full extent, is part of the law of England." Indeed, so extensive is the sway of international law that it was decided as long ago as 1784 that the law of nations was part of the law of Pennsylvania, and in accordance with international law a decision was rendered in the Court of Oyer and Terminer at Philadelphia. International law is therefore just as definite and just as conclusive in its authority as any other kind of law. It is true that there is no such international law as would correspond to statute law enacted by a legislature, but that does not make it the less definite and obligatory. Justice Chase, in 1796, pointed out that the law of nations was of three kinds: general, established by the general consent of mankind and binding all nations; conventional, founded on express consent and binding only those nations that consented to it; and customary, founded on tacit consent and obligatory on those nations which have adopted it. This international law has been well called the public law of nations.

Thus, therefore, they who say that there is no such thing as international law in peace or in war are without authority, and are ignoring the decisions of courts of justice and the declarations of the highest legal authorities.

To lose this body of international law would be to lose one of the very foundations of civilization. It would be like losing the common law or losing a government. The nation that can defend and save this public law of nations and does not do so is unfaithful to civilization and is working its own as well as other nations' destruction.

At this time the United States is confronted with grave responsibility toward civilization, for on the United States rests very largely the responsibility for preserving this law of nations. Never before in its history has a greater burden rested upon this country, never before has more depended upon what this country does.

It is just because the United States is not a party to the quarrel in which this war originated that it bears this responsibility. In times of peace the observance of the public law of nations has not ordinarily needed enforcement, because it is absolutely essential to peaceful relations between the people of different countries. International law in peace is self-enforcing, or, in emergency, may be enforced by the threat of war on the part of the offended nation. But when two countries are at war, international law is not self-enforcing as between them, and it cannot be enforced by the threat of war on the part of the offended nation, because the offended nation is already a belligerent.

Let us be specific and plain. Germany has committed the gravest offenses and has violated many of the most firmly established laws of warfare. These laws are as definitely a part of the law of the civilized world as the common law is a definite part of the law of England or America, or the laws established under the authority of the Kaiser are the laws of the German Empire. It is against the laws of war to attack non-combatants. War on non-combatants is not civilized war, and the nation that engages in it, whether on land or on sea, has broken international law, and is to that extent criminal. Germany has, for the sake of terrorizing the inhabitants, attacked, captured, and killed non-combatants in Belgium; for the purpose of preventing supplies from reaching England, Germany has torpedoed defenseless merchant vessels and destroyed the lives of English non-combatants. If such actions in war-time are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

allowed to pass without penalty, Germany will have been permitted to break down some of the fundamental laws of nations. But there is no punishment which Belgium or England can inflict upon Germany, because they are already fighting Germany and they cannot fight her any harder. The only thing they can do is to make reprisal. But this, so far from enforcing international law, tends even further to break it down. The whole tendency of international law is away from reprisals. International law is a living and a growing thing, as the common law is, and it has been growing toward humanity and away from the spirit of revenge. There is therefore clearly little or nothing that a belligerent can do to preserve the laws of war from the ravages of a nation that has substituted for the authority of those laws her own sense of necessity. It is not upon any belligerent, but upon the neutral nations, that the responsibility rests for preserving this law. And as the United States is the richest and strongest of the neutral nations, its duty is plain.

Concerning German slaughter of the non-combatants of the countries at war with Germany, it has been said by an American newspaper, with a cynicism that is almost incredible at a time like this, that we have no business to interfere so long as our own people are not molested. These are the words:

> That the policy of relentless and indiscriminating massacre and destruction against the enemy of Germany will be abandoned or even mollified we have no expectation. It is not our concern, however. What we believe will be conceded is the exemption of neutrals from practically equal liability with the enemy to merciless drowning and sinking. This is all we demand, whatever we may think of the general policy of submarine war.

The Outlook cannot believe that is the attitude of the majority of Americans who have thought on the subject. It *is* our concern what Germany does to the non-combatants of the countries hostile to her. It is very strictly our concern when Germany sinks an unoffending and unresisting English merchantman without a neutral aboard. It is not merely English people that Germany is destroying when she does that—it is that public law of nations on which the safety of America, as of every other nation, rests. And we are constituted practically the only people that can do anything effective about it.

This is not a plea for war. On the contrary, the facts we have set forth constitute a weighty argument for keeping out of the war as long as it is possible to do so with honor and self-respect. It is, however, a plea for action, and it is a plea for such action as will show that we are not thinking wholly of ourselves, but that we are thinking of that public law of nations to which we owe an obligation as to the law of our own land. America cannot afford to regard the Lusitania massacre as involving us only because Americans were killed. We cannot afford to agree with Germany on any basis of settlement which provides merely for the future safety of Americans. We must do that, but in honor we are bound to do more. We must, if we are true to ourselves, do all that in our power lies to withstand any nation that places its own interests above the interests of civilization, and under the plea of its own necessity makes havoc of world law.

JOHN HUSS

John Huss was burned at the stake on the 6th of July five hundred years ago. He was a teacher, a scholar, a prophet, and a member of the noble army of martyrs; but he was in no sense alone in the movement of his time. He was a soldier in the "war for the liberation of humanity," and, although he seemed at the moment a solitary and deserted man, he was part of a movement of enfranchisement in religion, philosophy, art, and politics. Out of the Middle Age, sometimes miscalled the Dark Age, there flowed a stream of life which spread like the fertile waters of a Nile over all Europe. Wyclif, the morning star of the Reformation, whose influence was the most important single element in Huss's life, was no more involved in this great movement than was the Florentine Catholic Dante, the Italian astronomer Galileo, or the German peasant of genius who was to follow him and leave the impress of his powerful personality on the history of Europe as he left the impress of his genius on the German language. The brilliant French teacher Abelard, who may be called the founder of the University of Paris, at whose feet sat thousands of students gathered from all over Europe; the Italian scholars to whom Manuel Chrysoloras brought the passion for Greek learning from Constantinople, and the painters and sculptors who recalled the half-forgotten beauty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Greece and Rome—all these, in one way or another, belonged to the army in which John Huss was to become one of the foremost figures.

Born in the last half of the fourteenth century, in a little village in southern Bohemia, from which he took his name, he studied at the University of Prague, already one of the leading institutions of the higher learning in Europe. His course as a student was not brilliant, but from the very beginning his character was noticeable for its purity, dignity, and sweetness. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1401, and a year later began preaching in a chapel in Prague. He had already been made Dean of the Philosophical Faculty; and in the following year he became Rector of the University. His preaching soon attracted wide attention, and produced a deep impression on the people of Prague and later on all Bohemia. His position as a religious teacher led him to a thorough examination of the grounds of his own faith.

Coming under the influence of the writings of Wyclif, Huss's independence of thought and spirit and his deep personal experience soon separated him from the conventional ecclesiastical orthodoxy of the time, and by rapid stages set him in sharp antagonism to the claims and practices of the Roman Catholic Church. The Chapel of the Holy Innocents became a center of a powerful religious movement; and it was not long before he began to be attacked as a heretic. Wyclif had defined the Church as "the body of the Elect;" while Rome held that the Church is a religious corporation presided over by the Pope and the hierarchy. Wyclif, like Dante, did not hesitate to put some of the Popes into hell. He boldly declared that the papacy was not only not infallible but was unnecessary, and that the only ground of obedience to the papal commands is their agreement with the teachings of the Scriptures.

But Huss did not stop with a proclamation of fundamental differences of doctrine with the papacy. He went on boldly and in unflinching terms to condemn the corruption of many priests and the abuses, of which the sale of indulgences was perhaps the most conspicuous. When one recalls the fact that John Huss lived a century before Luther, it is only necessary to read his characterization of the sale of indulgences to realize how far he was in advance of his time and with what noble courage he led the way to religious freedom:

> Sellers of indulgences are thieves who take by cunning lies what they cannot seize by violence. The Pope and whole Church militant often err, and an unjust papal excommunication is to be disregarded.

It is unnecessary to trace the successive steps by which the struggle between the reformer and the papacy became one of the critical battles of the early Reformation. Huss became a popular hero, but within a few years his books were publicly burned by the Archbishop, who had been friendly to him until he recognized the destructive influence of the reformer's teachings. This was speedily followed by the excommunication of all who had any of Wyclif's writings in their possession. The University in which Huss had been one of the most conspicuous figures disowned him. But meanwhile he was preaching to crowded congregations. When he declared from the pulpit that he had appealed from the Archbishop's decree and asked his listeners whether they would stand by him, they cried with one voice: "We will! We do!" The death of the Archbishop brought Huss face to face with the Pope. The excommunication under which he was soon placed made him a moral leper. It forbade the faithful to give him hospitality, fire, or water; under any circumstances to harbor him; to speak, to walk with, or to salute him; to either buy from him or sell to him; to give him any of the necessities of life; to offer him any consolation or help. He who dared to do any of these things shared the anathema, and the chapel in which Huss preached was ordered to be destroyed.

He left Prague under what he regarded as the protection of an Imperial safeguard, and went joyfully to the Council which had been called at Constance, among other things, to pass on his case. At that Council he reaffirmed all that he had preached, but denied that any doctrine he had preached was heretical. He stood among his accusers as boldly as Luther stood at Worms, and his vigorous and impressive personality created many dramatic situations. He was found guilty of teaching "many things evil, scandalous, seditious, and dangerously heretical." He was ordered to be degraded from the priesthood, and he was given over to the civil authorities to be dealt with according to their wisdom. He was subjected to indignities which recall another and greater scene. A paper cap was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

placed on his head, with a picture of three devils striving to seize a soul, and the word "Heresiarch." The terrible formula was pronounced against him, "We commit thy soul to the devil," to which Huss calmly retorted, "And I commit it to my gracious Lord, Jesus Christ." Of the mock crown on his head he said that, while the crown which the Saviour wore was heavy and irksome, "the one I wear is easy and light. He wore a crown of thorns even to the most awful death, and I will wear this much lighter one humbly for the sake of His name and the truth."

In its actual terms the safe-conduct was hardly more than a passport; but it was accepted by Huss and by the entire Bohemian people as an absolute pledge of the reformer's security. In that age the doctrine was held that no promise made to a heretic was binding; and King Ferdinand put the matter very frankly when he said: "It is not breaking faith to break faith with a man who breaks faith with God."

After Huss had been tied to the stake and the fagots had been piled high he made his last refusal to recant, and called God to witness that the one great object of his preaching and writing had been to convert men from sin. "In the truth of that gospel which hitherto I have written, talked, and preached I now joyfully die;" and until the smoke silenced his voice he sang, "Christ have mercy!" His ashes were thrown into the Rhine.

This pale, thin man in mean attire was the victor in the world-long conflict in which every man saves or loses his soul. Far more benign than many of the reformers of his and later days, he was to a remarkable degree free from the spirit of intolerance characteristic of his contemporaries; but it is primarily his self-forgetting bravery on behalf of the truth as he saw it that is an example to this more tolerant age, which because of its tolerance needs lessons in fidelity and the courage of convictions. John Huss strove not only for his own soul but for the soul of Europe and of humanity; he strove for the souls of the misguided men who opposed him. He died, not because he opposed an all-powerful organization, but because he was inspired by that greatest of all the inspirations that flow from the religious nature of man—the passion for the souls of men liberated from sin, not that they may be saved from a penalty, but that they may be set free to be the children of God.

FOR AMERICANS ONLY

The German Emperor once said that he knew Americans and he knew Germans, but he did not know German-Americans. Nor does this country know German-Americans; it knows only Americans. No man is admitted to citizenship until he has renounced allegiance to all other governments and sworn loyalty to the Government of the United States. Probably a large majority of the people of this country are of English descent; but they do not think or speak of themselves as "Anglo-Americans;" and if a great meeting of Anglo-Americans were called at this crisis to influence as Anglo-Americans the attitude of the country towards the present war, there would be an outburst of National protest to which our fellow-citizens of German descent would contribute an immense amount of emotion.

And yet in New York City, at a great meeting under the auspices of a group of German societies and one Irish organization, Mr. Bryan, who until within a month has been the Secretary of State, spoke in the presence of members of the German and Austrian Embassies on the great question at issue with Germany.

To state these facts is to bring into clear light the gross impropriety, to put it mildly, of the discussion of such a matter at such time in the presence of men who call themselves "German-Americans." An American is either an American or he is the subject of a foreign Government; he cannot be both. One can imagine what would happen if a meeting of American-Germans, English-Germans, and French-Germans were held in Berlin, with an address by a recently resigned member of the Emperor's Cabinet. Such a meeting might be announced; it is certain that it would never be held; and in such a crisis as this such a meeting could not have been held in any other country in the world; nor in any other country could a man who had recently held the second position in the Government have been the central figure and spoken on the gravest possible issue between his own country and the country represented by his audience.

Mr. Bryan has often shown himself conspicuously lacking in what is commonly known as good taste. On this occasion he showed himself conspicuously lacking in the instincts of a patriot and the natural feelings of an American.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAUGHT ON A BARBLESS HOOK

The literal-minded reader with the too, too solid mind is generally classified by editors as the chief foe of peace and decorous persiflage. Apparently he, generically speaking, neither slumbers nor sleeps. His habitat is the world and his sole business a consuming passion for the accuracy of mankind. Before him indeed

> "Fancy's gilded clouds decay,"
> And all its varying rainbows die away.
> Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
> The meteor drops, and in a flash expires."

Let an unwary editor trespass even slightly on his perilous domain, and the next mail brings due retribution. Speak of "the Seven Seas," and one is promptly told that "through an unpardonable oversight you must have forgotten the Dead Sea in your painfully careless enumeration of the major bodies of water." Tell of something which, like water, starts to expand above the freezing-point, and with equal rapidity comes a lengthy treatise setting forth in good round terms the fact that water does not begin to expand at the freezing-point, but at 39° Fahrenheit or 4° Centigrade. Let the sun but "set" on an editorial page, and one runs the danger of being verbally chastised for poisoning the mind of youth with an exploded astronomical theory.

Now a new danger threatens. Having learned to discount the mental quiddities of the man with no imagination at all, we are now confronted with the man with too much. Two weeks ago The Outlook published an editorial on fishing, and commended to its readers the use of the barbless hook. Like Antony, we only spoke right on, voicing the faith that was in us in regard to the preservation of game and the peculiar intellectual development of trout. We dealt neither in metaphor nor simile, for we were laboring not for the cause of literature but for good fishing and good fellowship. Mark the result:

The Editor:

Dear Sir—Please have mercy on one of your faithful readers. What do you mean by the barbless hook? The Kaiser and his army? That article is clever and full of fun, but for the benefit of one who is not a fisherman explain and oblige Yours truly, A. S.

In self-preservation we beg herewith to serve notice that there is no allegory concealed in this editorial. It is a statement of cold and cautious fact, and has no relation to either the sidereal system or the genealogy of Adam.

THE STAIN ON ANNAPOLIS

The Outlook has already reported the investigation of charges against certain cadets at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. This is unhappily only one of many investigations which affect American reputation and character; but it is in many ways the most important of them all, since the Academies of the army and the navy have been regarded by Americans for many decades as furnishing the standards of honor in a country in which many of the old sources of authority have ceased to exist. For generations it has been assumed that to be a soldier is also to be a gentleman; and when a soldier has ceased to act like a gentleman he has promptly been deprived of the privilege of wearing a uniform.

The fine traditions both of West Point and Annapolis have been kept almost unstained from the beginning of our history; and the country had come to feel that any enterprise committed to the officers of the army or the navy was safe from dishonesty or inefficiency. It has taken a special delight in the splendid intelligence and integrity with which the Panama Canal has been built under the direction of an army officer.

The three words which constitute the motto of West Point—Duty, Honor, Country—have been nobly incarnated in generations of American officers on land and sea.

The investigation at Annapolis has revealed a condition of things which has hurt the pride of the country by disclosing conduct on the part of men who are to be officers which would have disgraced the class of men who are commonly called "muckers" or "cads." The country feels to the quick the stain which has been inflicted upon it by the dishonor of a group of men bound by every tradition and duty to maintain the highest standards of conduct. The distinctive marks of a gentleman are the sense of honor, the sense of loyalty, the sense of obligation, and the sense of courtesy. These are the marks of Don Quixote, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Roger de Coverley, Colonel Esmond, Colonel Newcome, and of those officers of our army and navy who have done so much towards making the word "American" synonymous with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

highest ideals of character and life. The men at Annapolis who have violated the standards of honor have been recreant to all these obligations. They owe the Academy and the country every possible reparation. They must be made to feel that they have offended against the highest unwritten laws. They have, in a word, failed to be gentlemen in a profession in which that failure is a kind of treason.

LABOR AND PREPAREDNESS

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

THE fact that since the first of last August many American labor unions have passed resolutions condemning all war, and that after the Germans the labor men have constituted the largest element in the audiences that have flocked to hear Mr. Bryan's recent speeches for peace at all costs in the present crisis, has led many people to conclude that the workingmen of this country are pacifists.

But the word pacifism covers a multitude of theories. There are the men and women who literally believe in turning not only their own cheeks but also other people's cheeks—the Tolstoyans. Then there are those who advocate disarmament and who abhor preparedness against war, but who would nevertheless engage in international war if convinced that their country was the attacked and not the attacker. There are a good many pacifists of this stripe among the Social Democrats of Germany. They are only pacifists in principle. Finally, there are those who believe in the theory of an army and navy to be used only as a last resort, but who in practice put this last resort far out of sight, who through fear or abhorrence of war will submit to almost any indignities, national or individual, rather than pick up the unjust gauntlet of an arrogant rival. Persons of this class have been well called practical pacifists—they shout denials when pacifism is imputed to them, yet they practice it. They are also sometimes given a shorter, less euphonious name.

Are the workingmen of America pacifists? And if so, what kind of pacifists are they?

Since Mr. Bryan resigned from the Cabinet to embark on a course which seems likely to bring him up in 1916 on a platform bolstered with olive branches and festooned with grapevines, I have talked with labor leaders of every kind of political philosophy, and I do not believe that American labor as a whole is any more pacifist or any more militarist than the rest of the country.

There are peace-at-any-price labor men just as there are peace-at-any-price capitalists. But Mr. Morris Hillquit is no more a mollycoddle than Mr. Andrew Carnegie. And Mr. Samuel Gompers would be as quick to draw the sword as any gentleman in the National Security League.

The pure Tolstoyans who feel that the use of force is always wrong are so rare, both in the labor movement and out of it, that they need not be counted.

Even Mr. Hillquit, who at a recent meeting in New York City declared that he and "Socialists in general" were for "peace at any price"—even Mr. Hillquit is not a Tolstoyan.

"I said that we were for peace at any price," Mr. Hillquit informed me, "because more than any other phrase that illustrates the general position of the Socialist party, particularly before the war. But I mean peace at any price under the present circumstances. If I had been alive in 1776 and had thought that independence could be gained only by fighting, I would have fought. If I had been alive in 1860 and had felt that slavery could have been abolished only by fighting, I would have fought. I am for peace at any price to-day because it seems to me that there is nothing for which it is necessary that we should fight."

"But you favor disarmament?" I suggested.

"I do not think that disarmament is yet quite feasible for the nations of Europe, hemmed about as they are by potential enemies; but I do think the United States might begin to disarm at any time. If we gave up the Philippines, which we ought to do, because they are no good to us and are a constant invitation to aggression on the part of some other nation, and if we neutralized the Panama Canal, we should then have no need

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a navy, and with our population of ninety millions packed into this big, solid country we should need no army."

Mr. Hillquit is about as extreme in this matter as any American Socialist, but not by any means is he followed by all the party. If he can be compared to Dr. Karl Liebknecht in Germany and to the late Jean Jaurès in France, there are American Socialists who represent about the same degree of Socialism as their brothers who unhesitatingly voted the war credits for their governments in Europe. Of this color is Mr. William H. Johnston, President of the International Association of Machinists.

"While I feel that Americans ought to keep off ships that are carrying ammunition through the war zone," said Mr. Johnston, "at the same time we cannot lie down before Germany or any other nation when what we believe to be our rights are sustained by international law and custom. I am a Socialist, but I think we ought to have a larger navy. I am not in sympathy with the movement of idealists and cowards who are trying to tie the President's hands in this emergency."

There are just as wide divergencies of opinion among the leaders and members of the American Federation of Labor—the greatest organized body of workingmen in this country—as there are among capitalists, clerks, Republicans, Democrats, and Socialists. Mr. Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, made his position well known two weeks ago when he declined an invitation to address the first Bryan peace meeting in New York City. Standing at his desk in Washington, in his shirt sleeves, and emphasizing each point with a swing of his clasped hands, suggestive of the motion of a pick wielder, he enlarged upon the remarks which he had made at that time.

"Labor pays the price of war," said Mr. Gompers. "Working people have bought with their flesh and blood the right to a voice in determining the issues of peace and war, but organized labor stands firmly against all injustice and oppression of the weak, regardless of nationality. The workers have helped to construct the world's civilization, and we demand that the results of their labor shall be protected. We stand for honorable peace, but we demand justice as the fundamental condition for all progress. If denied, we hold ourselves ready to fight for justice.

"It is said that Americans ought to waive their rights to travel to Europe on merchant vessels," said the veteran labor leader, his voice rising and a slow color mounting to his face. "Personally, I am not willing to surrender any of my legal rights. I will insist on my right to live my whole life; and as for these so-called representatives of labor who are holding peace meetings in New York, I suggest that it would be extremely interesting to find out who is paying the rent for the halls in which they gather."

But I did not have to travel back to New York from Washington to find men in his own organization who disagree with Mr. Gompers. In the same building with him, the man who after the venerable leader wields the greatest influence in the councils of the Federation talked in a note that sounded strange after Mr. Gompers's words.

"I consider Mr. Bryan a great-hearted man whose resignation from the Cabinet, like all the other decisive actions of his life, was in response to an honest impulse," said this man, obviously because "his views did not accord with those of Mr. Gompers." "Mr. Bryan is right when he says that Americans should not travel on ships carrying contraband. Mr. Bryan is not for peace at any price, however. He is for peace with honor. The whole matter comes down to a question of what is peace with honor."

Mr. A. B. Garretson, President of the Order of Railway Conductors, is a Quaker and "a man whose forebears for seven generations have been Quakers," but, he tells me, "like another Quaker who is often quoted, I love peace so dearly that, under certain circumstances, I am perfectly willing to fight to get it."

"The labor-unionist has learned," says Mr. Garretson, "that if the other cheek is turned too often it simply invites encroachment upon what he regards as his industrial rights, and it is fair to assume that what he has learned in industrial strife he will apply to the questions that arise before him as a citizen, and that he will not be an ardent advocate of 'peace at any price.'"

And he is not. Even Mr. Hillquit's peace at any price we have found to be qualified. The danger is not of the spread of the doctrine of absolute non-resistance; the danger is that we shall grow to love peace not wisely but too well, a tendency that will lead us into ultimate war just as truly as will an inordinate fondness for big talk, big guns, and the glamour and strut of soldiering.

GREGORY MASON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUGGESTIONS WISE AND OTHERWISE

A QUESTIONLESS CATECHISM ABOUT THE NEW YORK CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

THE Constitutional Convention now in session in New York is the recipient of a great variety of recommendations, some evidently wise, some evidently foolish, and some debatable. We have selected from a great number of these proposals a few, some wise, some otherwise, and give them to our readers, not as a comprehensive or adequate report of what the Convention is doing, but as a curious, interesting, and possibly instructive sample of the kind of questions submitted to it for consideration. We accompany these proposals with comments equally brief, indicating generally, not our carefully considered and final judgments, but our first impressions as to the value of these proposals.

The suggested amendments relating to the short ballot, home rule for cities, and woman suffrage we purposely omit from this list. The Outlook has frequently made clear its position on these questions, and it is here necessary only briefly to recapitulate our attitude on these issues. The Outlook has long favored the adoption of the short ballot in American elections, and has consistently maintained that municipalities should have the power of framing their own charters and of framing their own legislation on municipal affairs under these charters. The question whether women shall vote in New York State or not ought first to be submitted to the women themselves. The men ought not to impose this obligation on the women without knowing first whether or not the women wish to assume it.

Below are a number of the recommendations before the Convention, and, in italics, our comment upon them:

No law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech, of the press, or of the motion-picture screen.

Bad. Liberty of information and liberty of education is one thing, liberty of amusement is quite another.

Life imprisonment shall be substituted for capital punishment.

This question should be left to the Legislature.

The Supreme Court justices, instead of being elected, shall be appointed by the Governor by and with the consent of the Senate. The judges of the Court of Appeals shall be appointed in the same way.

Good proposals; but they should contain provisions determining the terms of appointment of these judges. These terms should be long, but should not be for life.

The two Public Service Commissions shall be made Constitutional bodies, each commissioner to hold office for ten years and to be removable on the recommendation of the Governor by a two-thirds vote of the Senate.

Debatable; its advantage would be that it would tend to take these Commissions out of politics and make them quasi-judicial bodies.

Voters must be able to read and write the English language.

Good; the Legislature being left to provide for the execution of this law by appropriate machinery.

A union may be formed by "persons employed in any firm or corporation," but no member of such union shall be punished for non-compliance with union rules, and it shall not be lawful to form a union of employees from more than one employing body.

Bad. The regulation of unions, whether of employers or employed, should be left to the Legislature.

Trial by jury may be waived in all cases, civil or criminal, and a jury shall consist of six persons, of whom five may bring in a verdict. A second proposal is that an agreement of five-sixths of a jury shall constitute a verdict in a civil action. A third suggestion provides for the abolition of the requirement of unanimity for a verdict by a jury, and also provides that in addition to or instead of a general verdict the jury may be required to answer specific questions.

No person should be convicted of a criminal offense by less than a unanimous verdict, but acquittal might be allowed on a three-fourths or a five-sixths vote of a jury, in which case the Scotch verdict of "Not proven" might be adopted. In civil cases a vote of three-fourths or five-sixths of the jury should decide. The suggestion that a jury may be required to report on certain specific questions is a good feature.

The Legislature may directly, or through any duly constituted administrative agency,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prescribe minimum or living wages that shall be paid to women or children.

Good, if the Legislature does not already possess this power.

It shall be a duty to vote, and citizens who fail to exercise the right of suffrage shall be penalized.

An undesirable proposal.

The Legislature shall consist of only one house.

Experience has indicated that the bicameral Legislature is superior to the unicameral.

There shall be biennial sessions of the Legislature, and the terms of Assemblymen shall be increased from one year of service, as at present, to two years.

A wise recommendation.

The time during which a person must have been a citizen in order to vote shall be increased from six months to five years.

A wise recommendation.

The Legislature may, of its own motion, convene in extraordinary session to consider any subject except Constitutional amendment.

A good proposal; at least worthy of serious consideration.

A pupil shall not be excluded from any of the free common schools of the State by reason of not having been vaccinated.

This question should be left to the Legislature.

Justices of the Supreme Court and judges and justices of other courts of record may be removed by the Court of Appeals.

No. Such judges and justices should be removable only by impeachment after trial.

Section 4 of the present Constitution, which prohibits the State, or any of its subdivisions, from granting aid to denominational schools, should be stricken out.

No. The insertion of this amendment would be a blow at the American public school and would justify the rejection of the entire Constitution.

A Child Welfare Commission shall be established with its own rules of evidence and procedure, and no person charged with juvenile delinquency shall be tried in any court or tribunal having criminal jurisdiction.

Power should be given to the Legislature to try the experiment, if it does not already possess the power. Little children, of course, should not be treated as criminals.

The initiative, referendum, and recall shall be provided for in the Constitution.

The Legislature should have power to establish these reforms.

All male citizens now between eighteen and twenty-one years of age, and hereafter all such citizens becoming eighteen years of age, shall serve one term of original enlistment in the militia.

The purpose of this motion is commendable, but this purpose should be carried out by a grant of power to the Legislature to require military service.

The Governor may call out the military and naval forces of the State in time of need, but there shall never be a State constabulary or similar body, and the employment of private armed forces in labor disputes shall be forever prohibited.

On the contrary, the Legislature should have the power, if it does not now possess it, to establish a State constabulary. But the employment of private armed forces in labor disputes should not be allowed.

No law hereafter enacted shall be judged unconstitutional by the Court of Appeals unless the decision thereon shall have the concurrence of at least all but one of the members of the Court.

Such a reform would be good, but a direct appeal to the people on questions of constitutionality would be better.

No court or judge shall have power to make any decision declaring unconstitutional an act of the Legislature, or an act approved by the voters of the State under a referendum.

No single judge should have this power, but it should be reserved to the Supreme Court sitting as an appellate court, or to the Court of Appeals, or to the people.

Any person who shall sell or give away intoxicating liquors, and the owners of the premises upon which such liquors are sold or given away, shall be liable jointly and severally for all damages, direct and consequential, caused by the intoxication of any person to whom such liquors are given. The Legislature may establish in each county a fund for the aid of every indigent or poor person thus injured to enforce his or her rights under this provision.

This is a good suggestion, and the Legislature should be given power to act upon it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH THE SPY HUNTERS IN BELGIUM

A STORY OF PERSONAL ADVENTURE

BY ALBERT R. WILLIAMS

CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN BELGIUM

EVERY ONE knows that the spy season opened with the beginning of the war. Spy hunting became at once the most popular pastime. It furnished an immediate tangible outlet for irrepressible patriots. The authorities rounded up as many suspects as possible. Those who couldn't show a clean bill were led out to be used by the soldiers for target practice. This gave the reserve soldiers fretting to be off to the front the sensation of doing something at least for their country. It gave the suspect a variety of other sensations, especially when he couldn't locate his passport. Consequently no self-respecting person returns from the war zone without at least one hair-raising story of being taken as a spy. Some people cherish lively indignation against the particular government which had the temerity thus to infringe on their liberties and give them such a scare. Personally, I bear no malice against German, English, French, or Belgian. They are all the same to me. They were unanimous in their laying on of hands, though I exhale no particular air of mystery or villainy, being just an average species of American.

I was taken by the French in the barracks town of Melun during those early days of mobilization. I had helped to get an entrance into the place with an American girl who was determined to have one last look at her fiancé before he left for the front. We had no sooner landed in the town than a squad of gendarmes landed on us. I was ordered out of town politely but immediately.

At Antwerp, on the 22d of August, two hundred of us were taken out of the train and interned in a room in the station. Six Belgian soldiers gave each a general overhauling. Twenty of us were weeded out as most suspicious and a stricter examination accorded us. I was kept as chief culprit and searched right down to the skin. I had to explain each line of writing. After two hours they apologized and let me go.

The Germans got me near Louvain in company with a sub-lieutenant of the English army passing himself off as an American with an American passport. We were trying to get out under a captive balloon that was signaling the range to the artillery gunners beneath. Luckily we fell into the hands of an officer who said he had been ten years in America. After some hours' parleying, he said, "Sorry, boys, but now you can beat it back to Brussels."

Even the Dutch took a hand in the game. The military train stopped at Eindhaven and we all filed out into the restaurant. Suddenly I was tapped upon the shoulder and a young officer muttered in excellent English, "Now don't get excited. You are under suspicion. Speak low. Follow me. Don't look around, and if you are all right you are perfectly safe." After an hour he let me go with a hearty hand-shake.

Such experiences are almost daily episodes for any man prowling around the war zone. At first they furnish a real thrill, and, while one never gets so *blasé* as to call them monotonous, after a while they are embarrassing interruptions to one's plans.

My arrest and trial at the German Staff Headquarters in Brussels is marked off from all these other experiences in four ways. In the first place, instead of casually falling into the hands of my captors, they came after me and took me out of my hotel. In the second place, a specific charge of using money for bribing information was laid against me, and witnesses were there to back it up. In the third place, the leader of the party arrested me in civilian dress, but before examination and trial he changed to military uniform. In the fourth place, they were in a surly mood. My message to the American Ambassador was undelivered, and when at the last trial before the American representatives they were forced to free me, there was no apology, but rather the sullen attitude of those who had been balked in bagging their game.

This little German surprise party was on September 28, my birthday. I walked out of the hotel about eight o'clock for a stroll along the streets. On my return I was informed by a hotel attendant that a gentleman whom he took for an American had called in to see me and would shortly come again. I received this news with gladness and sat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down in the writing-room to await the return of my visitor. Meantime on a piece of paper I made a few jottings about sundry and diverse things that I feared might escape my memory. In the midst of this occupation my visitor was announced. Picking up my scribbled paper, I hastened into the hallway to meet a rather spare, tall, and extremely erect-appearing man. He greeted me with a smile and a bow—a rather dry smile and a rather stiff bow for an American.

So I queried, "You're an American, are you?"

"Not exactly," he responded; "but I would like to talk with you."

Without the shadow of a suspicion, I told him it would be a great relief from the tedium of the day to talk to any one.

"But I would prefer to talk to you in your room," he added.

"Certainly," I responded, stepping toward the elevator.

The hotel was practically deserted, so I was somewhat surprised when two men, one a huge fellow built on a superdreadnought plan, followed us in and got out with us on the fifth floor. The superdreadnought sailed on into my room, which seemed a breach of propriety for an unintroduced stranger. He closed the door rather rudely behind him. I was prepared to resent this altogether high-handed intrusion, when my tall guest said, very simply, "I am representing the Imperial German Government."

I rallied under the shock sufficiently to say, "Will you take a chair?"

"No," came the laconic reply, "I will take you—and this," he said, taking the piece of scribble-paper I had in my hands, "and any baggage you have in your room." I assured him that I had none, as I really expected to stay in Brussels but a day. He pretended not to hear my reply, and said, "We better take it with us, for we will probably need it." He looked under the bed and unlocked the closet door. Finding nothing, he asked for the key to my room. I handed it over, Room No. 502. "You will have to follow me now."

"Can I leave word with my friends?" For an answer he smiled rather good-naturedly. By accident or design, the time chosen for my taking off was when neither of my two casual acquaintances were in the hotel.

"Can I leave word with the porter?" I asked.

"Not now, but a little later perhaps, when this is fixed up," my captor answered me. We stepped into a carriage. The two assistants at the little surprise party walked away, and my rising sense of fear was allayed by the friendly offer of a cigarette. It was a brand-new experience to ride away to prison in royal state like this. The almost pleasant attitude of my companion reassured me. "After all," I mused, "this is a lucky stroke; a little uncertain perhaps, but on the whole an interesting way to while away the tedium of an eventless day." We stopped before the Belgian Government building, on the Rue de la Loi, the headquarters of the German Staff. At a word the sentries dropped back and my companion bade me walk down a long, dark corridor. I opened a door at the end, and found myself in a room with a few officers in chairs, and a large array of documents upon a table. The moment I came within the safe confines of that room the whole attitude of my captor changed. His mask of friendliness dropped away. Perhaps his spirit responded and adapted itself to the official atmosphere of the headquarters. Anyhow, at once he froze up into the most rigid formality. Sitting down, he wrote out what I deemed was the report of the morning's proceedings. I watched him writing away with all the semblance and precision of a machine, except for a half-smile that sometimes flickered upon his close-pressed lips.

He was a machine, or, more precisely, a cog in the great fighting machine that was producing death and destruction to Belgium. Just as the Germans have put men through a certain mold and turned out the typical German soldier, in like manner through other molds they have turned out according to pattern the German Secret Service man. He is a kind of spy destroyer performing in his sphere the same service that the torpedo-boat destroyer does in its sphere. This man was the German reincarnation of Javert, the police inspector who hung so relentlessly upon the flanks of Jean Valjean. In his stolid slience I read an iron determination to "get" me, and in that flickering smile I saw an inhuman delight in putting the worst construction upon my case as he wrote it down. Hereafter he shall be known as Javert.

Towards Javert I sustain a very distinct aversion. This is not the result of any evil twist put into my constitution by original sin. Quite the contrary. Hitherto I have always felt, like the man in Oscar Wilde's play, that I could forgive anybody anything,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any time, anywhere. One can forgive even a hangman for doing his duty, however it may cross one's plans. Some men must play the part of prosecutor and devil's advocate. But such was the cold, cynical delight in this fellow's doing his duty, such was his arrogant, overbearing attitude toward the helpless peasant prisoners, that I find my prayers for the end of the war not motived entirely by selfish considerations. I am hankering to get into the neighborhood of this fellow where he doesn't hold all the trump cards. In justice to Javert, I must say that he reciprocated my feeling magnificently, and, inasmuch as he was the cat and I was the mouse, and a very small one at that, he probably found much more spiritual satisfaction in the exercise of his feelings than I did in mine. That is why I am anxious to have the war end and get a chance to change the rôle and give him his proper place in the sun. Having completed my case, he demanded my papers, and then bade me open the door. There was a soldier waiting, and, with him ahead and Javert behind, I was escorted into the courtyard. Here a door was opened, and I was thrust into a room filled with a motley collection of persons guarded by a dozen soldiers with rifles ready.

The sight was anything but reassuring. I turned toward Javert and asked, somewhat frantically, I fear: "What is all this for? Aren't you going to do anything about my case?" I think that hitherto he had been irritated by my cool, smiling manner. A German official, especially a petty one, takes everything so deadly seriously that he can't understand us taking things so lightly, especially when it is his own majesterial self. So I think he thoroughly enjoyed my first signs of perturbation, and said: "Your case will be settled in a little while—perhaps directly." He turned to a soldier, bade him watch me, and disappeared.

In about five minutes I heard outside the command "Halt!" to a squad of soldiers. The doors opened and Javert reappeared, this time in the full uniform of an officer. For the moment I thought he had come with a firing squad and they were going to make short shrift of me. The grim humor of disposing of my case thus "directly" came home to me. But, merely flicking the ashes from his cigarette, he glanced round the room without offering the slightest recognition, and then disappeared. How he made his change from civilian clothes so quickly I can't understand. It seemed like a vainglorious display of his uniform in order to let us take full cognizance of his position.

I began now to take a survey of my surroundings. Our room was a hallway crammed full of soldiers and prisoners. The soldiers, with fixed bayonets in their rifles, stood guard at the door. The prisoners, some thirty-five in number, were ranged on benches, overturned boxes, and on the floor. We were of every description, from well-groomed men of the city to artisans and peasants from the fields. The most interesting of the peasants was a young fellow charged with carrying despatches through the lines to Antwerp. The most interesting of the well-dressed urban group was a theater manager charged with making his playhouse the center of distribution for the forbidden newspapers smuggled into the city. There was a Belgian soldier in uniform, woefully battered and beaten; and for the first time I saw a German soldier without a rifle. He, too, was a prisoner waiting trial, having been sent up to the headquarters accused of muttering against an under officer.

All these facts I learned later. Then I sat paralyzed in an atmosphere charged with smoke and silence. The smoke came not from the prisoners, for to them it was forbidden, but from the soldiers, who rolled it up in great clouds. The silence came from the suspicion that one's next neighbor might be a spy planted there to catch him in some unwary statement. Each man would have sought relief from the strain by unbosoming his hopes and fears to his neighbor, but he dared not. That is one fearful curse of any cause that is buttressed by a system of espionage. It sows everywhere suspicion in the soul of one's fellows. All society is shot through with cynical distrust. It is the Nemesis of brotherhood. Except for occasional murmurings we held our tongues and kept our eyes on the door, wondering who would be the next addition to our company, and mentally conjecturing what might be the cause of his incarceration.

The last arrival wore a small American flag wound round his arm. He spotted me, and, coming over to me, opened up a conversation in English. I thought at first that this was merely a clumsy German trick to trap me into some indiscreet talking. To his kindly advances I curtly returned monosyllabic "Yeses" and "Noes." He was a Belgian speaking English, German, French, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flemish, an invaluable reporter for a great Chicago paper, who in his zeal for news had run smack into the Germans at Malines, and had been at once whisked off by automobile to Brussels for trial as spy. He had a passionate devotion to his calling, and in getting stories out of the prisoners he was again risking his life. I fully believe that he would have consented to be shot as a spy with a smile on his face if he could have got the story of the shooting to his paper. He was one of the finest and most devoted spirits I have ever met, and yet I regarded him as I would a low-browed scoundrel. For a long time I would not speak to him. I dared not. He might have been a spy set to worm out any confidences, and thus carry them to Javert.

Left to himself, each man let his most dispiriting thoughts drag his spirits down. Gloom is contagious, and it soon became as heavy in the room as the gray clouds of smoke. The one bright, hopeful spot was the one lone woman prisoner. She alone refused to succumb to the depressing atmosphere, and sought to play woman's ancient rôle of comforter. She tried to smile, and succeeded admirably, for she was very pretty. A wretched-looking lad huddled up on a bag in the corner tried to reciprocate, but with the tears glistening in his eyes he made a sorry failure of it. We were a hard crowd to smile to, and she grew tired of her attempts to appear light-hearted, and gave herself up to her own grievances, soon looking quite as doleful as the rest of us. Our gloom was thrown into sharp relief by a number of soldiers grouped around a table in the corner laughing and shouting over a game of cards. They were playing for small stakes, so we spent the afternoon staring doggedly at the bayonets of our guards.

Only once did the guards show any awareness of our presence. That was when suddenly the arrival of "Herr Major" was announced. As the door was opened to let him pass through our hall to the stairway, with a hoarse shout we were ordered to our feet. As his exalted personage passed along we stood, hat in hand, with bared heads, with such humble and respectful expression as may be outwardly assumed towards a fellow-being whom all secretly despised or desired to kill. Was there really a murderous gleam in the averted eyes of those Belgians arrayed in salute before the Herr Major, or was it my imagination that put it there? Perhaps you can tell.

Picture your country devastated, your city burned, your flag prohibited, your farmers shot, your women and children terrified, your papers and public meetings suppressed, your streets patrolled by aliens with drawn swords as your enemies' bands triumphantly play their national airs. Picture, then, yourself lied about by hireling spies, thrown into prison, compelled to breathe foul air and sleep upon a floor, fed on black bread, and held day after day for sentence in nerve-racking suspense. Picture to yourself now the abject humiliation of being compelled to stand bare-headed in salute before these wretches and spoilers of your land. Do you think that you might keep back from your eyes the sparks of rebellion from the blazing fire in your soul? Then it was not imagination that made me see the murderous gleam in the eyes of those high-spirited Belgians. "Salute the Major!" the Germans shouted. What seeds of hate those words planted in those Belgian souls the future will show, when they who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind. That is the horror of war; not the damage seen in burned buildings and blasted fields, but the irreparable spiritual damage wrought to the human soul by hates, humiliations, fears, and undying animosities.

As I surveyed the situation it took on a different aspect from that of the morning. It began to dawn upon me that this was no joke. Perhaps I was going to be an example to other outsiders prowling around the war zone, and maybe railroaded off to jail, or even worse, on any pretext that might be found. I resolved to furnish as few pretexts as possible. I set to work hunting carefully through my pockets for everything that might furnish the least basis for any charge against me. Before coming to Brussels I had been warned not to carry anything that might be the least incriminating, and there was not much on me; but there was a pass from the Belgian commander allowing me inside the Antwerp fortifications. I had figured on framing it as a souvenir of my adventures, but my molars reduced it to an unrecognizable pulp. Cards of introduction from French and English friends fared a similar fate. Their remains were disposed of in the shuffling that accompanied the arrival of new prisoners. This had to be done most diplomatically, for we never knew where were the spying eyes.

About six o'clock I was resting from my masticatory labors when Javert presented himself, accompanied by two soldiers. I was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

led away into the council room where first I was taken in the morning. It was now turned into a trial chamber. Javert, as prosecutor, was seated on one side of the table, the general or judge sat on the other side, while around the farther end were ranged some officers and a few in civilian clothes who were evidently secret service agents. I stood until the judge bade me take my seat at this end of the table.

One by one my documents were disposed of—an American passport issued in London; a permit from the German Consul at Maastricht, Holland, to enter "the territory of German-Belgium;" finally, a letter of introduction from the American Vice-Consul at Ghent. I pointed to the recent date on it, the 22d of September, and to the signer of it, Julius van Hee.

Javert said, with a shrug of his shoulders: "Oh, yes; he's of Belgian ancestry."

On Ambassador van Dyke's card there were the words, "writer for The Outlook." I don't know how that escaped my very scrutinous search, but there it was.

"Another anti-German magazine," Javert commented, sardonically; "and you know, perchance, what the penalty is for newspaper men caught on the German side." I thought that surely I was going to reap the result of the adverse reports that the American correspondents had made already about the Germans, when he added, "But you are here on a different charge." The judge started to cross-examine me as to all my antecedents. My replies were in German, but in my eagerness to clear myself I must have wrought awful havoc with the German language. I was forthwith ordered to direct my remarks in English to Javert, acting now as interpreter. In the midst of this procedure Javert, with a quick sudden stroke, produced the scribble-paper of the morning, held it fairly in my face, and cried, "Whose writing is that?" The others all riveted their gaze upon me.

I replied, calmly, "It is mine."

"I want you to put it into full, complete writing," cried Javert. "As it now stands it is a telegraphic code."

That is the most complimentary remark that has ever been made upon my hieroglyphics. However, I shall be eternally grateful to Providence for my Horace Greeley style. For, while that document contains by no means any military secrets, there were, on the other hand, uncomplimentary observations about the Germans which would be just as well not to fall into their hands in their present mood. At Javert's behest, I set to work on my paper, and delivered to him in ten minutes a free, full, rapid translation of the abbreviated contents. On inspecting it Javert said, irritably, "I want an exact, precise transcript of everything here."

"I thought you wanted it in a hurry," I rejoined.

"No hurry at all. We have ample time to fix your case." These words do not sound a bit threatening, but it was the general setting in which they were said that made them so ominous and set the cold waves rippling up and down my spinal column.

I set to work again, numbering every phrase in my scribble-paper, and then in the same number on the other paper giving a full, readable translation of it. I wrote out the things complimentary to the Germans in the fullest manner. There were observations about the musical quality of the German automobile horns, about the moderation of the Germans in not quartering more troops on the hotels instead of letting their men sleep in the railway stations, and about the officials who in the restaurants had never once refused to contribute to the Belgian Relief Fund when the boxes had been held out to them, and about an old German doctor who had most tearfully lamented the holocaust of the war. For these observations I was profoundly grateful; but when it came to changing the uncomplimentary remarks, or at least taking the sting out of them, I had to do some terrific cudgeling of my brain.

My hardest one was this: "If Bel I wld join posse Ger myself;" which, being interpreted, reads, "If I were Belgian, I would join a posse against the Germans myself." That looks ugly, but I wanted to record for myself the ugly mood of resentment I had felt when I saw Belgians compelled to submit to certain humiliations and indignities from their invading conquerors. I changed that to read, "If I were among the Belgians, I would possibly join the Germans myself." Despite its doubtful ethics, I must confess to a real pride in that piece of work.

The net result was very disappointing to Javert, who figured on finding incriminating evidence in it. He gave it the minutest examination, comparing it closely with the original scribble-paper. For example, he called the attention of the judge to the fact that "guarded" in one paper was spelled "gaurded" in the other. Some slip I had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inadvertently made. He thought it might now be made a clue to some secret code, but though he puzzled long and searchingly over the document, he extracted from it nothing more than an increased vexation of spirit.

"Nothing on the surface here," Javert said to the judge; "but that only makes it look the more suspicious. Wait till we hear from the search of his room."

At this juncture a man in civilian dress arrived, and, handing over the key to my room, reported that there was nothing to bring back. This nettled Javert, and he made a thorough examination of me, even tearing out the lining in my hat. Alas for him! too late; his search brought nothing more than a French dictionary, in which a few addresses had been scribbled. He demanded a full account of each name. Some I had really forgotten.

"That's strange," he sneered; "perhaps you don't find it convenient to remember who they are." Up till now I hadn't the slightest conception what the charge was against me. Suddenly the judge crashed into the affair and took the initiative.

"Why did you offer money to find out the movement of German troops?" he let go at me across the table in a loud voice. At the same time they converged on me a full, searching gaze. Going all day without food, for eight hours confined in a fetid atmosphere, on an anxious strain, and for two hours grilled by a dozen inquisitors, is an ordeal calculated to put the nerves of the strongest on edge.

I simply replied, "I didn't do any such thing."

"Don't lie!" "Tell the whole truth!" "Make a clean breast of it!" "No use holding anything back!" "We have the witnesses who will swear you did!" "Best thing for you is to tell all you know!" These they roared and bellowed at me one after another in order to sweep me off my feet with all the suddenness of a general onslaught. They succeeded for the moment. I couldn't rally my scattered and worn-out wits to think what was the basis of this preposterous charge.

Then I remembered a Dutchman who had accosted me the day before in conversation. He had volunteered the information that he was taking people by automobile out through Liège into Holland, giving one thus the opportunity to see a great many troops and ruins along the way. I told him I had some money and would be glad to invest in such a trip, at the same time giving him my address at the Hotel Metropole. Guileless as he appeared, he turned out to be an agent of the German Government. He naturally wanted to put himself solid with his masters by delivering the goods, so he had twisted all my words into the most damning evidence, and had fixed up two or three witnesses ready to swear anything.

"No use bothering about this man," they told de Leval, at the American Embassy, later. "We've got a cast-iron case against him, with witnesses to back it up."

Javert no doubt proved himself an invaluable ally of the Dutchman in fixing up the case. I don't believe he would manufacture one out of whole cloth, but once his mind was set in a certain direction he could build up a bad case on very shaky foundations. Perhaps he had an animus against these bumptious, undeferential, overcritical Americans, and thought it was time to give one of them a lesson. Perhaps he was tired of trapping ordinary garden variety spies of the Belgian brand. It would be a pleasing variation in the monotony of convicting defenseless, helpless Belgians if he could show that one of these fellows masquerading as Americans was a spy. Especially one of that journalistic tribe that had been sending out reports of German atrocities. Furthermore, it would redound greatly to his professional glory to hand me over to the General with a case proved to the hilt.

They kept insisting: "It is true, isn't it?" "Don't deny it!" "Don't deny that you have told your story wrong way round!" "Tell the truth, now!" "You'll have to do it in the end!" I don't know what they call it in the German, but it was the third degree with a vengeance. They kept the tension high for five minutes, but I refused to buckle under the attack, though I couldn't collect my thoughts to show the utter absurdity of the charge against me, and my defense was feeble. There was a coming and going of officers and some consultations in an undertone. The judge left the room, and Javert, with impassive face, began that machine-like writing. After a while he stopped.

"Will you give me some idea of what you expect to do with me?" I queried.

"A full report of your case goes up to the General for decision and sentence," was his response.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My spirits took a downward plunge. Then I felt a fierce resentment mounting up within me. Masking it as well as I could, I asked permission to send word to the American authorities. I got an evasive answer to my request. The door was opened and two waiting soldiers escorted me off to the hall chamber.

While I am excoriating Javert as representing the genius of German officialdom, it is only fair that I should present his antithesis. By everlastingly referring to the German army as a machine one gets the idea that it is an impersonal collection of inhuman beings remorselessly and mechanically devoted to duty. For a broad general impression that is perhaps a fair enough statement to start with; but when I am tempted to let it go at that, there is one striking exception that always rises up to point the finger of denial at this easy and common generalization.

He is a young German officer, a mere stripling of twenty or thereabouts, with the most frank, open, ingenuous expression. One would expect to find him presiding at a Christian Endeavor social rather than right here at the very pivot of the most terrible military organization of the world.

I had caught his look riveted upon me in my trial, and recognized him when he came into the detention-room. Hurriedly he said to me: "Really, you know, I ought not to come in here, but I heard your story, and it looks rather bad; but somehow I almost believe in you. Tell me the whole truth about your affair."

I proceeded vehemently to point out my innocence, when he interrupted my story by asking, "But why did you make that *Schreibfehler* on your paper?" He followed my recital anxiously and sympathetically, and, looking me full in the face, asked, "Can you tell me on your *Ehrenwort* [word of honor] that you are not a spy? Remember," he added, warningly, "on your *Ehrenwort*."

Grasping both of his hands and looking him in the eye, I said, most fervently, "On my *Ehrenwort*, I am not a spy."

There was an earnestness in my voice that must have communicated itself to my hand, because he winced as he drew his hands away; but he said, "I shall try to put in a word for you; I can't do much, but I shall do what I can. I must go now. Good-by."

Some general mix-up of prisoners from other rooms had occurred, and there was much consequent bustle and confusion. Black bread and coffee were served. The strain of the day, along with the fever I had from exposure on the battlefields, made the rough food still more uninviting, especially as our only implements of attack were the greasy pocketknives of the peasants and canteen covers from the soldiers. The revolt of my stomach must have communicated itself to my soul. I determined for aggressive action on my own behalf. I resolved no longer to stand unprotestingly by while they built up a solid case against me and railroaded me off to prison. Pushing right up to the next officer appearing in the room, in firm but courteous tones I requested, as an American citizen, the right to communicate with the American authorities.

He replied very decently that that was quite within my privileges, and forthwith the opportunity would be accorded me. I was looking for paper, when suddenly came the order for all of us to move out into the courtyard. With a line of soldiers on either side, we were marched through labyrinthine passages and up three flights of stairs. We were here divided into two gangs, my gang being led off into a room already nearly filled. We were told that it was our temporary abode, and we were to make the best of it. It was an administrative office of the Belgian Government turned into a temporary prison. There were the usual fixtures, including a rug on the floor and shelves of books. Ours was only one among many cells for prisoners scattered through the building.

We were thus informed by the officer whose wards we were. He was a fussy, quick-tempered, withal kind-hearted little fellow, and kept dashing in and out of the room, really perplexed over housing accommodations for the night. The spy hunters had been successful in their work of rounding up their victims from all over the country and corralling them here in this building until it was filled to overflowing. Our official in charge was puffed up with pride in the prosperity of his institution, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, petulantly belectured us on adding ourselves to his already numerous burdens. This was highly humorous, yet we all feared to commit *lèse majesté* by expressing to him our collective and personal sorrow for so inconveniencing him, and our willingness to make immediate amends for our thoughtlessness in getting arrested.

After more hesitation than I had hitherto

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

witnessed in the operation of their perfect-running machine, arrangements for the night were completed and we were ordered to draw out a blanket from the pile in the corner. The new arrivals and the old inmates maneuvered for the softest spots on the floor, which was soon covered over with bodies and their sprawling limbs, while a host of guards, fully armed, were posted at the door and along the hall. The whispered information that several of the inmates had been there for a long time spurred my drooping spirits and put me into action. I uncovered a pile of the office writing-paper and, with the aid of the Belgian who could speak English, I set to work preparing a letter to Ambassador Whitlock. Whether Javert was apprised of the doings of his charges or not I do not know, but in the midst of my writing he glided into the room and, pouncing upon my manuscript, gathered it to himself, saying, "I'll take these." My Belgian friend protested that a superior officer had given me permission to do this. Javert handed back the paper, smiled, and disappeared. Knowing that every word would be closely scrutinized at the Staff Office, and that the least hint of anything derogatory to the German authorities would keep the paper in the building, I couched it in as pointed and telling terms as possible, having in mind the eyes of the Germans quite as much as the Ambassador.

Brand Whitlock,
United States Ambassador,
Brussels:

Dear Sir—As a native American citizen, born in Ohio, and now imprisoned by the German authorities, I claim your intervention in my behalf. I am thirty years of age, resident of Massachusetts, a clergyman, minister of the Maverick Church in East Boston for six years. I am a graduate of Marietta College, Hartford Seminary, and studied in Cambridge University in England, and Marburg University in Germany.

Saturday Mr. van Hee, the American Consul at Ghent, brought me here by automobile with Mr. Fletcher. Obliged to take back in his car three ladies for whom he obtained permission from the German Government, I was necessarily left behind; Mr. van Hee promising to return for me when diplomatic business brought him to Brussels in a few days. Meantime I took a room at the Hôtel Metropole. From it I was taken by the German authorities this morning. I do not know exactly what the charge against me is. I am accused of offering money for information relative to the movement of the German troops. I think that the man who worked up the case against me is a Dutchman with whom I spoke upon a train. He volunteered the information that he had been everywhere by automobile; and I asked him if he was the one who carried passengers out of Brussels by way of Liège and Aix-la-Chapelle. Won't you look into my case at once? Mr. Fletcher, who called on you Saturday, lent me some £10, so I am all right that way; but this is not a comfortable situation to be in, though the officers are very decent. If you want proof of my identity, you can communicate with the following people in America; they are my personal friends, and will confirm my absence from my church on an extended vacation.

His Excellency Governor Walsh, of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; Dr. Charles Fleischer, Chief Rabbi in the Rabbinate of New England; the Hon. George W. Coleman, of the Ford Hall Convocation Meetings and President of the Amalgamated Associated Advertising Clubs of America; the Rt. Rev. Professor William Douglas Mackenzie, President of the Hartford Theological University; William W. Mills, Esq., President of the First National Bank of Marietta, Ohio, Treasurer of Marietta College, and Member of the National Council of Congregational Churches of America, etc., etc.

If you will cablegram any of these, you will get an immediate reply. While I have no money for this now, I feel certain Mr. Fletcher, who is associated with Mr. Lane, of the United States Cabinet, will back you up, and there will be unlimited funds in America.

Sincerely yours,
ALBERT R. WILLIAMS.

My attention has been called to the omission of the Angel Gabriel and Johnny Evers from the list of my intimate friends in the above document. That was not meant as a slight—purely an oversight. At any rate, I felt that all the men whose names are here written would make the right response to any cablegram. To atone for dragging them into the affray I call attention to the highly deferential and decorative manner in which I referred to them. Be it remembered that this document was prepared quite as much for German eyes as for the Ambassador's, and nothing gives a man standing and respect in the German mind as much as a name fearfully and wonderfully adorned. I resolved that my importance was not to suffer from lack of glory in my friends. I bestowed more honorary degrees on them than the average small college does in ten commencements. So lavish was I that my friends hardly recognize their own titular selves.

An officer designated the guard who would deliver the letter. I gave it to him along

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a franc, which he protestingly accepted. That was the last I ever heard from that message. I imagine that it was by no means the last that the German authorities heard from it, for when I related the story to the Ambassador some time later I saw a characteristic Brand Whitlock letter a-brewing. My message to Vice-Consul Naesmith and to the Hôtel Métropole shared a like fate—they were undelivered.

I simply offer the facts as they are. I am not anti-German. It may be that the courtesies of polite intercourse are not easy to observe in war. Certainly they are not obtrusive in Belgium. In extenuation it may be said that the Belgian postmen had struck about this time; but, on the other hand, through the forbidden shutters I saw fully fifty Boy Scout messengers marshaled in the courtyard below.

I am not berating the Germans. They are running their own war according to their own code. In this code reporters, onlookers, and uplifters of any band are anathema.

We have no rights. Our only right is to our own opinions. I believe that were it not for the surmises of a casual acquaintance who took them to the Ambassador I would be in prison yet. On second thought, I wouldn't either. I couldn't have endured the strain much longer. If I had been in there a few hours more than I was, I feel that in my nervous tension I would have vented my sense of outraged justice by smashing one of the petty officers with a chair. I wouldn't have had a long time then to speculate upon the immortality of the soul. I would possess first-hand information. I can understand why, for their own protection, the Germans have imposed their laws upon the Belgians with their terrible exacting penalties. What I can't understand is the long-suffering patience and self-restraint of the Belgians. Occasionally some high-spirited or high-strung fellow is no longer able to hold down the seething volcano of outraged injustice, hate, and revenge. This brings down, not only upon his own head but upon the whole community, the most terrible reprisals.

By the time my writing was completed the men were pretty well settled down for the night. There was less noise and confusion. On the outside the roaring of the Austrian guns, which for days had been bombarding their way into Antwerp, now became less constant; less and less frequently the hoarse commands of the officers, mingled with the rumbling of the automobiles, came up from the courtyard below. At midnight the only sounds were the groans and moans of the twisting sleepers and the measured tread of the sentry as he paced up and down the hall, his silhouette passing at regular intervals the glass door at the end of our little room.

I was placed in a sort of adjoining closet with six others. A motley mixture indeed: a Russian, an American, four Belgians, and a German—all prisoners awaiting our sentences. As a last move, the German soldier guards sandwiched themselves into the open spaces on the floor, their long bayonets glistening in the electric light that blazed down upon us. The peasants characteristically had closed the windows to keep out the baneful night air. In the main room a drop-light with shade flung its radiance on a table and lit up the anxious faces of the few men gathered round it. It showed one poor fellow bolt upright, unspeaking, unmoving, his fixed white eyeballs staring into space as though he would go stark mad. Those eyes have forever burned themselves into my brain, a pitiful protest against a mad, wild world at war.

Sleep was entirely out of the question with me. It wasn't the bad air or the hard floor or the snores of my comrades, but just plain cold fear. Now I possess an average amount of courage. Quite alone I walked in and out of Liège when the Germans were painting the skies red with the burning towns. My ribs were massaged all the way by ends of revolvers, whose owners demanded me to give forthwith my reasons for being there, they being sole arbiters of whether my reasons were good or bad. I got so used to a bayonet pointing into the pit of my stomach that it hardly looks natural in a vertical position. But this was quite a different affair. In the open a man feels a sporting chance, at any rate, even if a bullet can beat him on the run; but cooped up in a room he is paralyzed by his horrible helplessness. He knows that a military court reverses ordinary procedure, holding that it is better for nine innocent to suffer than for one guilty one to escape. He knows that his fate is in the hands of a tribunal from whose arbitrary decision there is no appeal, and that decision he knows may depend upon the whim of the commandant, to which a poor breakfast or a bad night's sleep may give the wrong twist. The terrible uncertainty of it preys upon one's mind.

I certainly prayed that the commandant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was getting a different night from mine, as I lay there staring up at the electric light with a hundred hates and fears pounding through my brain. "I'm a prisoner," was one thought. "Supposing the silence of the guns means that the Germans, beaten, are being pressed back into Brussels by the Allies. They may let us go. No, the Germans, maddened by defeat, might order us all to be shot," was one idea. "How does it feel to be blindfolded and stood up against a wall by a firing squad?" was another pleasant companion idea that kept vigil with me through the midnight hours. Then my fancies took a frenzied turn, "Suppose there be brutes of soldiers and they run us through, saying we were trying to escape."

"Escape!" The word no sooner leaped into my mind than an almost uncontrollable impulse to escape seized me, or at least I thought one had. I got upon my feet, observing that the two soldiers lying beside me on the floor were fast asleep and the guards at the outer door were nodding. I stepped over their sleeping forms and made a reconnoiter of the hallway. There in the semi-darkness stood seven soldiers of the Kaiser with their seven guns and their seven glistening bayonets. Cold steel is not supposed to act as a soothing syrup; but one glance at those bayonets and my uncontrollable impulse utterly vanished. You will observe that the bayonet is continually cropping up in my story. It does, indeed. A bayonet looks far different from what it did on dress parade. Meet one in war, and its true significance first dawns upon you. It is not simply a decoration at the end of a rifle, but it is made to stick in a man's stomach and then be turned round; and when you realize that this particular one is made to stick in your particular stomach it takes on a still different aspect.

I crawled back into my lair, resolved to seek for deliverance by mental means rather than by physical; and as the first rays of light stole through the window I composed the following document to his Excellency:

The Officer who has the case of the American Albert R. Williams under supervision:

Sir—As you seem willing to be fair in hearing my case, may I take the liberty this morning of addressing you upon my charge? I fear that I made but a feeble defense of myself yesterday; but when I was accused of offering much money for information relative to the movements of German troops, the charge came so suddenly that I could only deny it. May I now offer a few observations upon this charge, the nature of which just begins to become clear to me?

In the first place, it was a sheer impossibility for me to offer "much money," because all I had was that which, as Mr. van Hee knows, Mr. Fletcher gave me when I was left behind.

In the second place, were I a spy, I certainly would not be offering money in a voice loud enough to be heard by the several witnesses that you have ready to testify.

In the third place, while not attempting to impeach the character of my accuser, may I submit the fact that my own standing will be vouched for by his Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts, the President of the Hartford Theological University, etc., etc.?

These men will attest the utter absurdity of any such charge being made against me.

In the last place, may I suggest that the theory of an unintentional mistake throws the best light upon the case? For any conversation with my accuser was either in German or English. You know my German linguistic ability and the error that might be made there; and as for English, I challenge my accuser to understand three consecutive sentences in English.

I trust you will take these facts into account before sentence is passed upon me.

Respectfully yours, ALBERT R. WILLIAMS.

By the time this was finished a stir in the courtyard below heralded the beginning of a day's activities. Our morning toilet was completed with the aid of one small, flimsy towel for thirty of us. Hot water tinctured with coffee and milk was served from a bucket with two or three cups. Bread which had been saved from the previous day was brought forth from pockets and hiding-places, and for some unaccountable reason a piece of good butter was brought in. Apparently the Germans were trying to escape the stigma of mistreating or underfeeding their prisoners.

Orders were given to get ready to move out. After an hour, they were changed to "Clean up the room." When we had accomplished this, an inspecting officer entered and began to sniff and snort until his eyes fairly blazed with wrath, and then in a torrent of words he expressed his private and official opinion of us. So fast and freely did his language flow that I couldn't catch all the compliments he showered upon us; but "*Verdammte!*" "*Donnerwetter!*" and "*Schwein!*" were stressed frequently enough for me to retain a distinct memory of the same. One did not have to be a German linguist to get the drift of his remarks.

They had an electric effect upon the pris-

(Continued on page following illustrations)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Current Events Pictorially Treated

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS & EWING

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF AN ORGANIZATION THAT STANDS FOR "PUTTING CONSCIENCE INTO BUSINESS"

The recent Convention of the Advertising Clubs of the World, held in Chicago, was noteworthy for the emphasis it put in almost every session on honesty, probity, and candor in business dealings between advertising men and their clients, and its determination to hold quackery and fraud in advertising to a "strict accountability." Mr. Herbert S. Houston, whose picture appears above, was elected President of the Association. He is Vice-President of Doubleday, Page & Co., and has been a prominent figure in the publishing and advertising world for many years

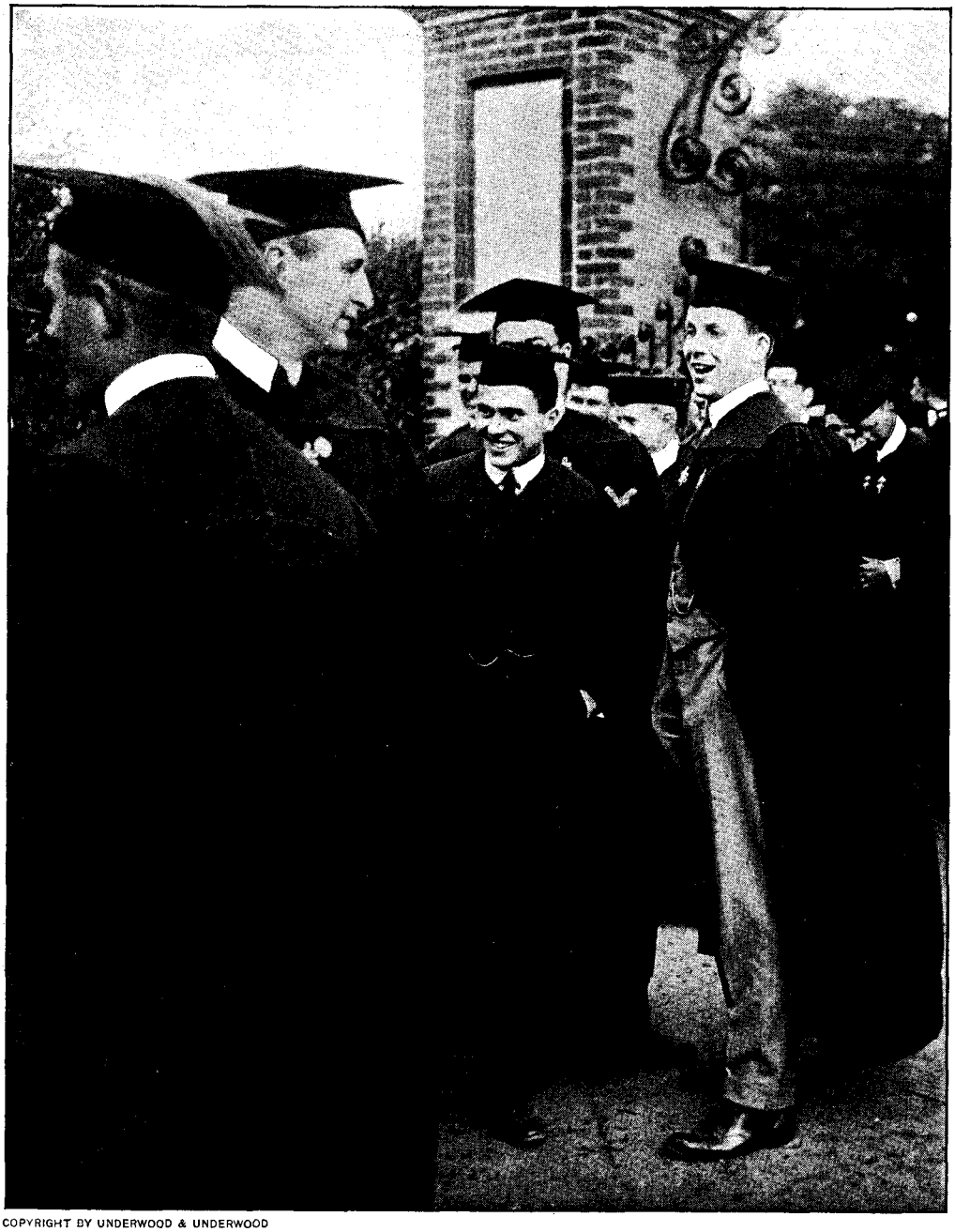
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

COMMENCEMENT DAY: HONORED HEADS OF YALE

This combination picture—which might also be entitled "Past, Present, and Future"—aptly illustrates two aspects of years and youth. On the left-hand page are ex-President Timothy Dwight and President Arthur T. Hadley leading descendant of John Harvard, the University's founder, who has ever been a member

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

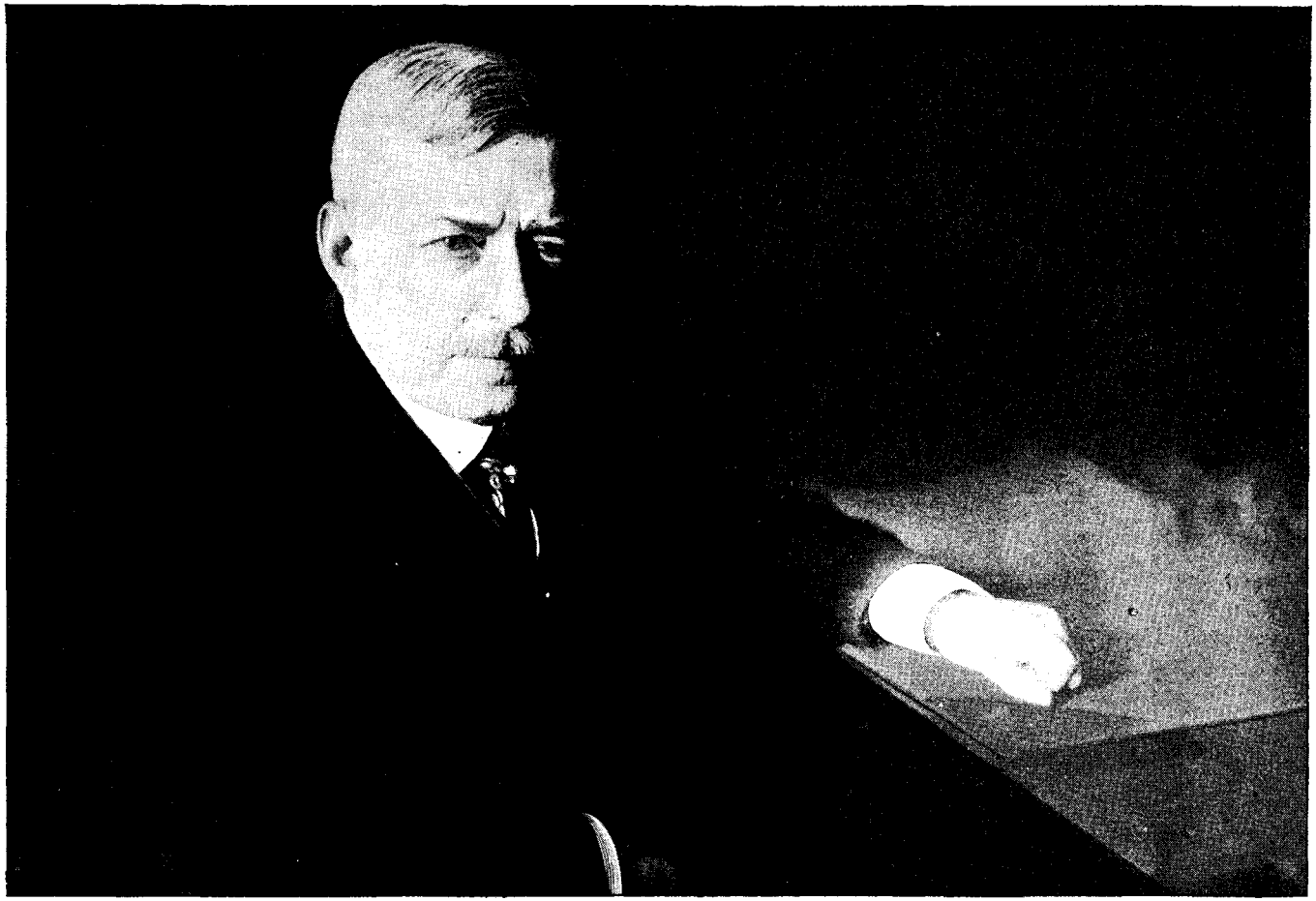


COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

AND A GROUP OF THE GRADUATING CLASS AT HARVARD

university, not to say universal, life—teachers and taught, achievement and anticipation, experience and expectation, the Class Day procession; on the right-hand page, a group of Harvard seniors who include (at the right) the only of the University, Lionel de Jersey Harvard, of London; he was Class Poet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

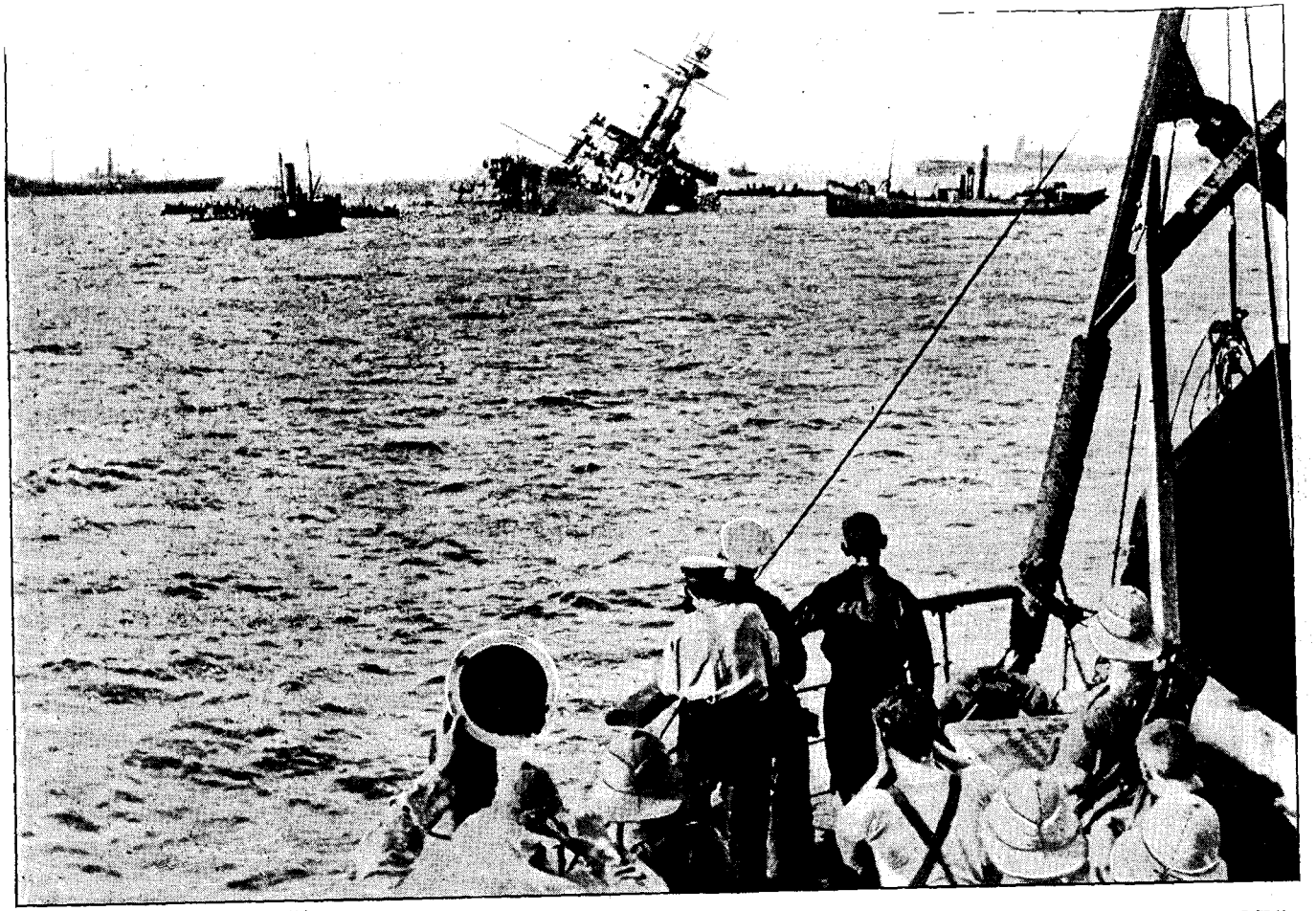


PHOTOGRAPH BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE

ROBERT LANSING, THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE

Mr. Lansing was born at Watertown, New York, October 17, 1864; is a graduate of Amherst College; was admitted to the bar in 1889; was Counsel for the United States before the Bering Sea Claims Commission; is Associate Editor of the "American Journal of International Law," and has recently been Counselor for the Department of State; he now succeeds Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State by appointment of President Wilson on June 23

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

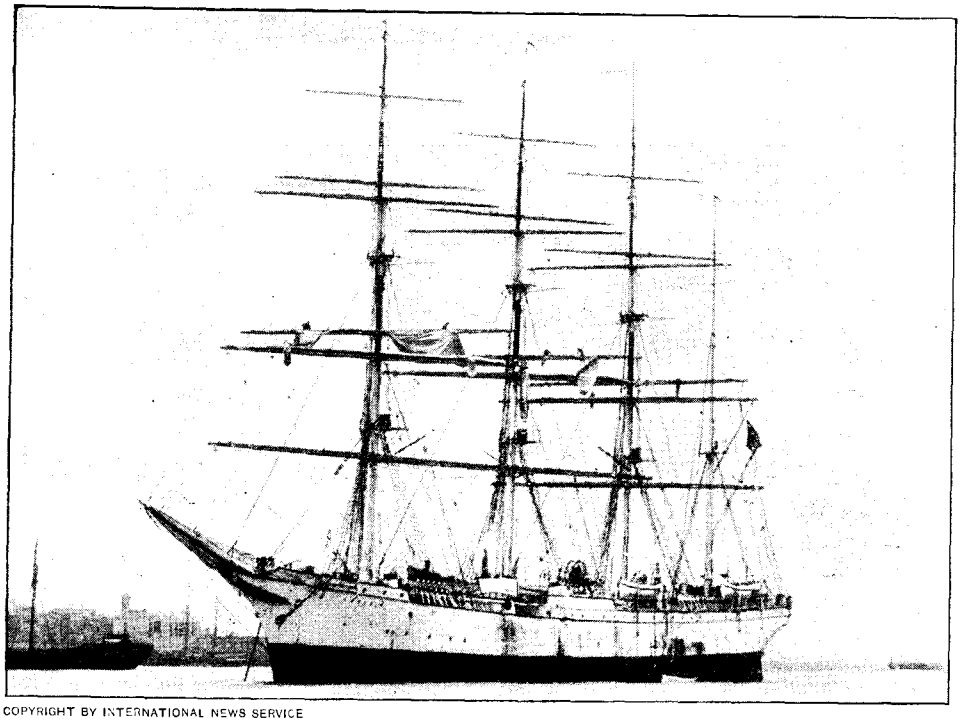


COPYRIGHT BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

A TRAGEDY OF THE GREAT WAR: THE SINKING OF A BATTLE-SHIP IN THE DARDANELLES

This remarkable photograph of the sinking war-ship Majestic, of the British navy, was taken just after she had been struck by a torpedo fired by a German submarine, which made good its escape while the doomed vessel was sinking. "As soon as the Majestic was torpedoed," says a French account of the disaster, "she keeled over in an alarming fashion. Everything on deck fell or slid with a tremendous din into the sea. Four minutes after the explosion she turned completely over and went down. . . . But there was not a single instant of panic" among the Majestic's six hundred men, who faced a sudden and terrifying death with the same fortitude that Great Britain's sailors have shown in every crisis of her history

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COPYRIGHT BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

AT ANCHOR IN NEW YORK HARBOR

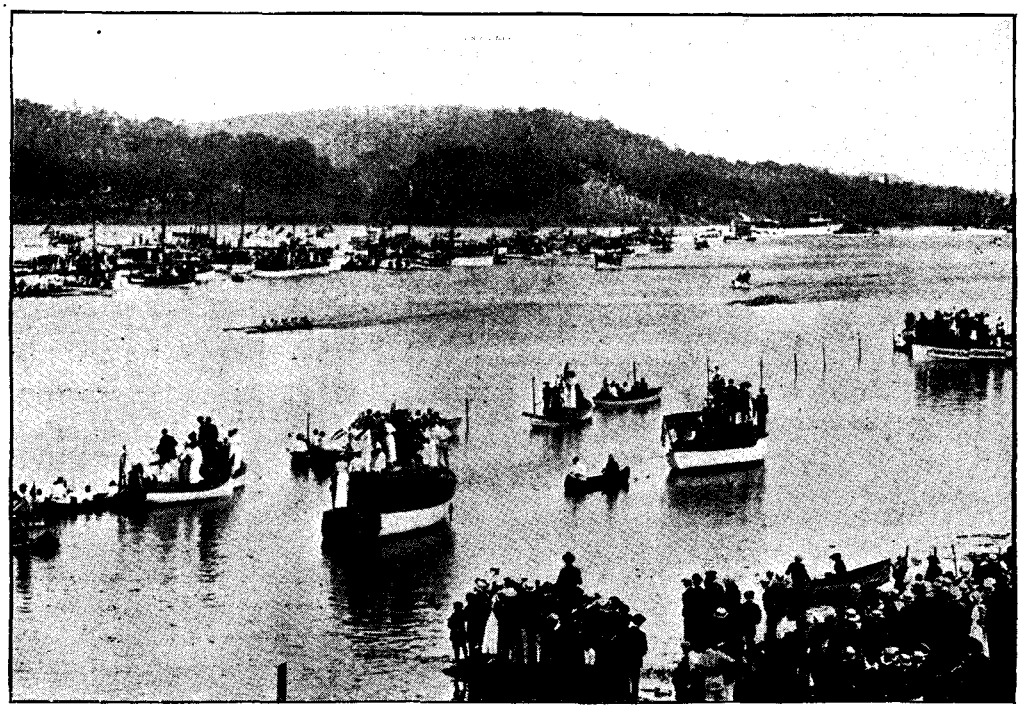
PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE SHIP'S OFFICERS AND SOME OF THE YOUNG SAILORS

A BELGIAN TRAINING SHIP COMES TO AMERICA

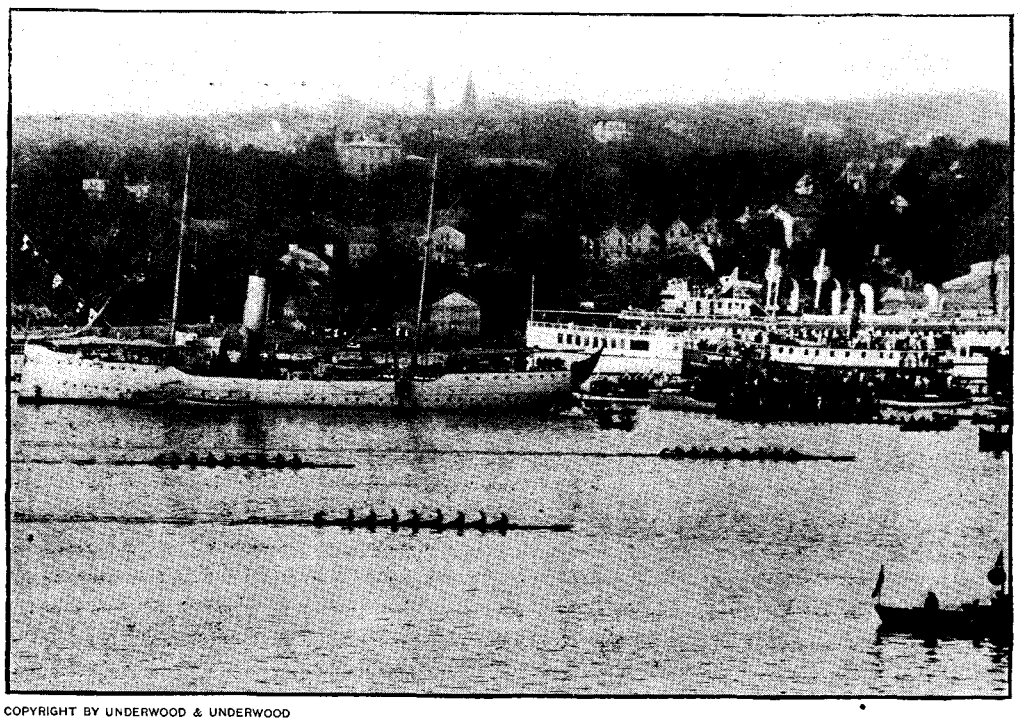
"L'Avenir," the name of this ship, is especially appropriate, for in "the future" (*Avenir*) lies the Belgians' only hope both for a navy and for national security. This ship is said to comprise Belgium's entire navy at present, and the question has been raised whether "L'Avenir" should not be interned as a war vessel. Belgium's rights as a neutral nation have been so trampled under foot that the strongest of neutral powers would be justified in giving Belgium's training ship the hospitality of American harbors without question

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

YALE WINNING OVER HARVARD ON THE THAMES, JUNE 25



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

CORNELL WINNING AT POUGHKEEPSIE, JUNE 28, WITH LELAND STANFORD SECOND AND SYRACUSE THIRD

TWO SPECTACULAR BOAT RACES: VICTORY FOR YALE AND FOR CORNELL

Both of these races furnished surprises for the vast crowds that witnessed them—the Yale-Harvard race for the decisiveness of Yale's victory (Harvard being seven lengths behind at the finish), and the intercollegiate contest on the Hudson for the closeness of the contest between Cornell and Stanford, one of the accounts saying, "It has been many a year since regatta crowds have been so thrilled over a display of sheer grit" such as was furnished by Stanford's varsity crew

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPH BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE

HENRY SUZZALLO, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

Professor Suzzallo goes from Columbia University, where he has been head of the Department of Philosophy in Teachers College, to his new post. He is a native of California, and a graduate of Leland Stanford Junior University. See editorial pages

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oners, who with one accord got terribly busy picking up microscopic and invisible bits from the floor. To see those prisoners crawling around upon their stomachs must have been highly gratifying to his self-inflated Highness. The highly gratifying thing to myself now is the fact that I did not do any crawling, but sat stolidly in my chair and stared back at him, letting my indignation get enough the better of my discretion even to sneer—at least I persuade myself now that I did. Outside of this little act of gallantry I am heartily ashamed of my conduct at the German Staff Headquarters. It was too acquiescent and obsequious for some of those bureaucrats rough-riding it over those helpless, long-suffering, beaten Belgians.

Having called us "*Schwein*," at high noon they brought in the swill. It was a gray, putrid-looking mess in a big, battered bucket, and nothing to serve it with. One of the soldiers suggested that we stand on the table and dive into it. He was quite carried away with his own witticism, so that in sheer good nature he went and returned with six soup plates which were covered over with a thick grease quite impervious to cold water. I had my misgivings about the mess and dreaded its steaming odors. At last I summoned up courage and approached the bucket, using my fingers in lieu of a clothes-pin as a defense for my olfactory nerves. A surprise was in store for me; its palatability and quality were quite the opposite of its appearance. While I wouldn't enjoy that stew outside of captivity, and while the Brussels men refused in any way to succumb to its charm, it was at least very nutritious and furnished the strength to keep fighting.

But it is hard to battle against the blues, especially when all the rest capitulated to them. Each man fairly vied with the other in radiating a blue funk, until the air was as thick as a London fog.

Picture, if you will, the scene. By a fine irony, the books on the shelves were on international law, and by a finer irony the book in green binding that caught my eye as it stood out from the black array of volumes was R. Dimmont's "The Origins of Belgian Neutrality." The Belgians who were enjoying the peculiar blessings of that neutrality were sprawled over the floor or pacing restlessly up and down the room, or, in utter despair, buried their heads in their arms flung out across the table.

About three o'clock the name "Herr Peters" was called. He had been found guilty of murmuring to his comrades about the officer pushing them too hard in an advance. One could believe the charge as his name was called, sullen and unconcerned. "You are sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor in a fortress. You must go at once." He mumbled in an undertone something about being better in prison in winter than out there on the cold, freezing ground, and, flinging his knapsack upon his shoulder, lumbered off. In how many such hearts is there this sullen revolt against the military machine, and how much of a factor will it be to reckon with in the future?

There were four prisoners quite separated from the rest of us. It was said that they were sentenced to be shot. I am not sure that they were; but we were strictly forbidden any intercourse with them. They were the most crestfallen, terror-stricken lot of men that ever I had laid eyes upon, and at four o'clock they were led away by a cordon of soldiers. There was enough mental suggestion about it to plunge the room into a deep silence. It was oppressive. At last the Belgian reporter walked over and asked me if there were proofs of the immortality of the soul, excusing himself by saying that up to this time he had never any particular time nor reason for reflection on this subject. That was the only psychological blunder that he made. It at last broke the heavy, painful silence, and we speculated together, instead of singly, how it felt to achieve immortality at the end of a German musket.

I related to him my experience of the previous week. Some war photographers wanted a picture of a spy shot. I had volunteered to play the part of a spy, and, after being blindfolded, was led over against a wall, where a Belgian squad leveled their rifles at me. I assured him that the sensation was by no means terrible; but he would not be comforted. Death itself he wouldn't mind so much, if he could have found it in the open fighting gladly for his country; but it seemed a blot on his good name to be shot for just snooping around the German lines. On the whole, after weighing all the pros and cons, we decided that our pronounced aversion to being shot had purely an altruistic origin. It was a wicked, shameful loss to the human race. That point was very clear to us. But there was the arrant stupidity of the Germans to be reckoned with. They have such a distorted sense of real values. Rummaging

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through my pockets during these reflections, I fished up an advertising folder out of a corner where I had tucked it when it was presented to me by Dr. Morse. The outside read, "How We Lost Our Best Customer." Mechanically I opened it, and there, staring back at me from big black borders on the inside were the two words, "HE DIED."

These joyful ruminations were interrupted by the strains from a brass band which went crashing by, while ten thousand hobnailed boots of the regiment striking the pavements in unison beat out time like a trip-hammer. "Perhaps the Germans are leaving Brussels," whispered a companion; "and wouldn't we grow wild or faint or crazy to see those guards drop away and we should find ourselves free men again!"

The passing music had a jubilating effect upon our guards, who paraded gayly up and down the room. One simple, good-hearted fellow harangued us in a bantering way, pointing out our present sorry plight as evidence of the sad mistake we had made in not being born Germans. He felt so happy that he made a little collection, and in due time returned with some bread and chocolate and soda water. But even the soda water, as if adjusting itself to the spiritlessness of the prisoners, refused to effervesce. The music had by contrast seemed only to increase the general depression.

Only one free spirit soared above his sursoundings. He was a young Belgian—Ernest de Burgher by name—a kindly light amidst the encircling gloom. He took everything in life with a smile. I am sure that if death as a spy had been ordered for him at the door, he would have met that with the same happy, imperturbable expression. He had quite as much reason as I, if not more, for joining our gloom party. He, too, was waiting sentence. For six days his wild, untamed spirit had been cabined in these walls; but he had been born a humorist, and even in bonds he sought to play the clown. He went through contortions, pitched coins against himself, and even staggered around the room with a soda-water bottle at his lips imitating a drunkard. But ours was a tough house even for his irrepressible spirit to play to. Despite all his efforts, we sat around like a convention of corpses, and only once did his comic spirit succeed.

One prisoner slunk down in a comatose condition in his chair, as though his last drop of strength and life had oozed away. De Burgher stole over and tied the man's legs to his chair. Then he got a German soldier to tap the hapless victim on the shoulder. Roused from his stupor to see the soldier standing over him like a messenger of doom, the poor fellow turned ashen pale. He sprang to his feet, but the chair bound to his legs tripped him up and he fell sprawling on the floor. He apparently regarded the chair as some sort of German infernal machine clutching him, and he lay there wrestling with his inanimate antagonist as though it were a demon. As soon as the victim understood the joke he joined in the burst of merriment that ran round the room; but it was of short duration. The gloom got us again, despite all that de Burgher could do, and finally he succumbed to the prevailing atmosphere and gave us up as a bad job.

He was a diminutive fellow, battered and rather the worse for wear. Ever shall I think of him not only as the happy-souled but as the great-souled. My introduction into the room was at the point of a steel bayonet. With him, that served me far better than any gilt-edged introduction of high estate. He didn't know what crime was charged against me, but he felt that it must have been a sacrifice for Belgium's sake. The fact that I was *persona non grata* to the Germans was a lien upon his sympathy, and gave me high rank with him at once. He divined instinctively my feelings, and straightway made me his ward, his comrade, and his master.

Never shall I forget how during that long night in prison he crawled over to where I lay upon the floor courting sleep in vain. I was scared by his maneuver at first, but he smiled and motioned me to silence. Reaching up beneath my blanket, he unlaced one shoe, then the other, and, laying them one side, remarked, "That will ease your feet." Then, stripping off his coat and rolling it in a bundle, he placed it as a pillow beneath my head. Great, big, hulking American, treated tenderly by this little Belgian twice as small as I, how could I keep the tears from my eyes? And as they came welling up—tears of appreciation for the generous fineness of his spirit—he took them to be tears of grief.

In a little vacant space he made a circle of cigarettes and small Belgian coins. In the center he placed a little box, and on it laid a ruler. "This is the roulette wheel at Monte Carlo, and you are the rich American," he whispered, and with a snap of the finger he spun the ruler round. Whenever it stopped, he presented me my prize with sundry wink-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ings and chucklings, interrupted by furtive glances towards the door. *Rouge-et-noir* upon a prison floor! To him existence was such a game—red life or black death, as the fates ordained. Either one, let a man meet it with a smile. His spirit was contagious, and I found myself smiling through my tears. When he saw his task accomplished, gathering in his coins he crawled away.

His was a restless spirit. Only once did I see him steadfastly quiet. That was the next morning, when he sat with his eyes riveted upon an opening in the shutter. He insisted upon my taking his seat, adjusting my angle of vision properly, and there, framed in a window across the forbidden courtyard, was a pretty girl watering flowers. She was indeed a distracting creature, and de Burgher danced around me with unfeigned glee. His previous experience with Americans had evidently led him to believe that we were all connoisseurs in pretty girls. I tried valiantly to uphold our national reputation, but my thoughts at the time were much more heavenly than even that fair apparition framed in the window, and I fear that I somewhat disappointed de Burgher in my enthusiasm.

I must not forget my other comrade, Constance Staes. For some infraction of the new German regulations he had been hustled off to prison, but he, too, was born for liberty, a free-ranging spirit that fetters could never bind. He made me see the Belgian spirit that would never be subservient to German rule. The Germans can be overlords in Belgium only when such spirits have either emigrated or have been totally exterminated.

To Constance Staes every rule was a challenge. That's the reason he had been put in jail. He had trespassed on forbidden way in front of the East Station. Here in prison smoking was forbidden. So Staes, with one eye upon the listless guard, would slip beneath a blanket, take a pull at his cigarette, and come up again as innocent as though he had been saying his prayers. I refused the offer of a pull at his cigarette, but not the morsel of white bread which he drew from behind a picture and shared with me, along with numberless little kindnesses. That bread, broken and shared between us in that upper room, is to me an eternal sacrament. It fed my body hunger then; never shall it cease to feed the hunger of my soul.

Whenever temptation to play the cynic or think meanly of my fellow-man shall come, my mind shall hark back to those two unpretending fellows and bow in reverence before the selflessness and immensity of the human soul. Needing bread, they gave it freely away; needing strength, they poured themselves out unsparingly; needing comfort, they became the comforters. For not to me alone, but to all, they played this rôle of servant, priest, and comforter. As I write these lines I wonder where their spirits are now. Speeded thence, they may have already made the next world richer by their coming. I do not know that, but I do know that they have made my soul infinitely richer by their sojourn here; and how truly might the Master of all souls say to these two brave little Belgians: "When I was an hungered, ye gave me food; when I was thirsty, ye gave me drink; when I was a stranger, ye took me in; when I was sick and in prison, ye visited me."

The prison is the real maker of democracy. I saw that clearly when, at five o'clock, joy came marching into the room. It was an officer who was its herald with the simple words, "The theater manager is free." That was a trumpet blast annihilating all rank and caste. Forgetting his office and his dignity, and embracing with his right arm a peasant and with his left an artisan, he fairly danced round the room in a delirium of delight. Twenty men were at one time besieging him to grasp his hand, and tears, not rhetorically, but actually, were streaming down their faces —Russian, German, Belgian, and American, high and low, countrymen and citymen, smocked and frocked. We were fused altogether in the common emotion of joy and hope. For hope was now rampant. "If one man could be liberated," we argued, "why not another? Perhaps the General was thus giving vent to a temporary vein of good humor." Each man figured that he might be the fortunate one upon whom this good luck would alight.

At five-thirty there was much mumbling in the corridor, and presently my *Ehrenwort* lad of the previous night came bounding into the room, crying, "The American! The American!" I do not have to describe the thrill of joy that those words shot through me; but I wish that I might do justice to the beaming face of my young officer friend. I am sure that I could not have looked more radiant than he did when, almost like a mother, he led me forth to greet de Leval and two assistants from the American Ambassador. Now de Leval is not built on any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sylph-like plan, but he looked to me then like an ethereal being from another world—the angel who opened the prison door. I presumed that I was to walk away without further ado; but not so easy. We proceeded into another office, where the whole assemblage was standing. I have no idea who the high superior officer was; but he held in his hand a blue book which contained a long report of my case, with all the documents except the defense I had written. Again I was cross-examined, and my papers were carefully passed upon one by one.

One they could not or would not overlook, and to it throughout all this last examination they kept perpetually referring. When I had made my thirty-seven-mile journey into Liège on August 20, I had secured this paper at Maastricht signed by the Dutch and German authorities. Over the Dutch seal were the words, "To the passing over the boundary into Belgian-Germany of Mr. Albert Williams there exists on the part of the undersigned no objection. Signed, The Commissioner of Police Souten." Over the German seal were the words, "At the Imperial German Vice-Consulate the foregoing signature is hereby attested to be that of Souten, the Police Commissioner of Maastricht." For this beautifully non-committal affair I had delivered up six marks. I would have cheerfully paid six hundred to disown it now. De Leval pleaded cleverly, and the General passed on to the scribble-paper. There was one statement that ran something like this: "The racial characteristic of neatness in dress asserts itself here even in the midst of war. There are so many women in widows' costumes upon the streets; but so neat and charming is their dress that one does not feel the atmosphere of mourning." The General said to de Leval, "If he is a clergyman, how could he be making such remarks about charming widows?" I submit that comment as evidence of total lack of humor upon the part of the German officer, or as total lack of humanity upon the part of the German clergy.

De Leval's explanation for this, as for everything else, was, "Well, they are different in America." The General turned to me and put the question, "*Sind Sie ein Geistliche?*" which de Leval translated into, "Are you in holy orders?" Remembering my washing, sleeping, and dining privileges of the last two days and night, one can easily imagine that "unholy disorders" would be the proper term to apply to my state. I wanted to laugh, but I had learned by this time that, to the German official, mirthfulness upon the part of a prisoner was the unpardonable sin; so, with the most solemn demeanor, I assured him that I was.

"He has nothing to prove it except one card which reads Maverick Church, East Boston," said the General. Then suddenly I bethought me of the gold watch in my pocket. It was a presentation from some two hundred people in my parish. Three of the aides successively damaged their thumb nails in their eagerness to pry open the back cover. That is a source of considerable satisfaction to me now; but it was fearfully embarrassing in that delicate situation when my fate hung almost by a thread, and a trifle could delay my release for days. If the General damaged his thumb on it, I feel sure that I would have been remanded back to prison. But, luckily, the cover sprang open and revealed to the eyes the words: "From friends at Maverick." De Leval adroitly turned this to the best advantage. It was the last straw, and to it the General capitulated. Walking over into the adjoining room, he wrote on the blue folder: "*Er ist frei gelassen.*" I would give lots for those folders; but, though safety was by no means certain, I found I yet had nerve enough to take a venture. When I was bidden to pick up my papers strewn across the desk, I tried my best to gather in some of the other documents. Besides the copies of the letter I wrote to the Ambassador the only thing I got on my case was this letter, written by Mr. Whitlock to Baron von de Lancken, the official German representative in charge of the dealings with the American Embassy:

Bruxelles, le 29 Septembre, 1914.

Excellence:

J'apprends à l'instant que MR. WILLIAMS, citoyen Américain résident à l'Hôtel Métropole, aurait été arrêté lundi par les Autorités allemandes.

Pour le cas où il n'aurait pas encore été mis en liberté, je vous saurais gré de me faire connaitre les raisons de cette arrestation, et de me donner le moyen de communiquer aussitôt avec lui, pour pouvir eventuellement lui fournir toute protection dont it pourrait avoir besoin.

Veuillez agréer, Excellence, la nouvelle assurance de ma haute considération.

(S) BRAND WHITLOCK.

A Son Excellence Monsieur le Baron
von der Lancken, Bruxelles.

Before my final liberation I was escorted into the biggest and busiest office of all.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here I was given an *Erlaubnis* to travel by military train through Liège into Germany, and from there on out by way of Holland. My destination was Ghent, but passing through the lines was forbidden. Instead of going directly the thirty miles in three hours, I must go around about three hundred miles in three days. This by no means took the edge off my joy. I felt strange exhilaration and a wild desire to celebrate. With such a mood I had not hitherto been sympathetic; on the contrary, I had been much grieved by the sundry manifestations of what I deemed was a low spirit in certain Belgians. One of them had said, "Just wait until the Allies' army comes marching into Brussels! Oh, then I am going out on one great drunk!" In the light of the splendid sacrifices of his fellow-Belgians, this struck me as a horrible degradation of the human spirit. I couldn't understand such a view-point. But I could now. In the removal of the long tension one's pent-up spirits seek out an abnormal way of venting their expression. I, too, felt like an uncaged spirit suddenly let loose. I didn't get drunk, but I very nearly got arrested. In my headlong ecstasy I was deaf to the warnings of a German guard saying, "Passing down that street is forbidden." I checked myself just in time, and in a chastened spirit made my way back to the Métropole.

Three times I was offered the forbidden Antwerp papers that had been smuggled into the city. Once the London "Times" for twenty-five cents. The war price for it often runs up to as many dollars.

A woman with a perfect English accent opened a conversation with the remark that she was going directly through to Ghent on the very next day. I left the conversation open and deliberately retreated. She may have been as harmless as a dove, but I wouldn't have talked to my own mother without a written permit from the military government. The Kaiser himself would have found it hard work breaking through my cast-iron spy-proof armor of formality, and I had good reason not to let down the bars. My key was not returned, and I know for a surety that my room was searched once, if not twice, after my return to the hotel.

It would be interesting to see how all this tallies with the official report of my case in the archives at Brussels. Perhaps some of these surmises have shot far wide of the mark. Javert, for instance, in his own home town may be a sort of mild-mannered schoolmaster, and might be highly astounded as well as gratified to find himself cast as the villain in this piece. Perhaps I may have been at other times in far greater danger. I do not know these things. All I know is that this is a true and faithful transcript of the feelings and sights that came crowding in upon me in that most eventful day and night. As I wrote of my trip to Liège, I wouldn't have missed it for ten thousand dollars; I wouldn't go through it again for a hundred thousand dollars.

A PRINCE OF SURGEONS

HOW "THE FATHER OF SURGERY" INSTITUTED THE HUMANE TREATMENT OF THE WOUNDED

BY ALBERT H. BUCK, M.D.

MUCH has been said during the progress of the great European war regarding the superior civilization of the Germans and their contributions to the arts and sciences. With commendable reticence, the French have made few claims of this sort, although in many departments of philosophical research and applied science France for three or four centuries has exerted a more beneficent influence on the progress of civilization than any other European people.

Take the field of military surgery, for example. It is not generally known that modern surgery owes its origin to the work done by Frenchmen—men who were not merely the sons of French parents, but who gained their professional experience largely within the boundaries of France proper.

Among the most remarkable of these early

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French surgeons was Ambroise Paré (1517–90), of Laval, a small town in Brittany. We possess very few details concerning the personal traits of character of most of the great surgeons of the Middle Ages, but in the case of Ambroise Paré the biographer has facts within his reach which are both copious and thoroughly trustworthy. The famous French surgeon and author Joseph-François Malgaigne published in 1841 a carefully edited collection of Paré's writings in three very large volumes. They are rich in autobiographical details, and at the same time they contain a wealth of surgical data of the most practical character. The general reader can have no special interest in Paré's different modes of treatment, but he left a diary or journal which is full of human interest for the layman as well as for the physician and surgeon. There are various biographical accounts of Paré in existence, some of them in English; but for this brief sketch I have depended chiefly upon Malgaigne's edition of his writings, from which I have translated some passages that throw light upon his life and work.

Paré began the career of a military surgeon at the early age of nineteen. In the sixteenth century Europe was overrun and devastated by war, as it is to-day. Kings and emperors were struggling for supremacy. Francis I, the King of France, was engaged in a prolonged contest, involving the fate of Italy, with Charles V, the head of the Holy Roman Empire. Charles V sought the domination, not only of Continental Europe, but, through his Spanish possessions in the Americas, of the world. He failed, as doubtless the modern German heir to his imperial philosophy will fail; but that is another story. Paré was employed by the French King, and his account of his first experience with war conditions is peculiarly striking in the light of some of the inhumanities of the present war in Europe.

"In 1536," he says, "I accompanied the large army sent to Turin by Francis I, King of France, to retake certain castles and fortifications which were held at that time by the troops of the Emperor Charles V. My official position was that of surgeon to the foot soldiers; and when our men took possession of Susa, after the enemy had been defeated, I was among the first to enter the city. Our horses rode rough shod over the dead bodies lying on the roadway, and over the bodies of many who were simply wounded. It excited my compassion strongly to hear the cries of those who were thus subjected to great additional suffering, and I began to wish that I had never left Paris. Once actually in the city, I began to look around for a stable in which the horses of myself and my orderly might find shelter. The one I entered contained the corpses of four soldiers who had presumably died there, and three badly wounded men who were still alive, but whose faces were greatly disfigured by the wounds which they had received, and who—as we soon learned—were unable to see, hear, or speak. An old soldier who entered the stable at that moment, and whose pity was excited by what he saw, asked me if it would be possible to save the lives of men who were so badly injured. I replied, 'No.' He thereupon proceeded, without the least excitement and with due gentleness, to cut the throats of all three. At the sight of this act, of what seemed to me to be great cruelty, I exclaimed, 'You are a wicked man!' His reply was: 'I pray God that, if it should ever be my fate to be situated as these three men were when I entered the stable, there may be somebody at hand who will do to me what I have just done to these men, and will thus save me from a lingering and painful death.'

"When the fighting was entirely over, we surgeons had much work to do. I had not yet had any personal experience with the treatment of gunshot wounds, but I had read in Jean de Vigo's work that such injuries should be considered poisoned wounds, by reason of their contact with gunpowder, and that the correct way of treating such wounds was to cauterize them with oil of sambucus (elder flowers) that was actually boiling and to which a little theriaca had been added. At first I hesitated somewhat about carrying out this practice, but, after watching the other surgeons, to learn exactly how they performed the operation of applying boiling oil, I plucked up my courage and did exactly what they did. My supply of oil, however, soon gave out, and I then decided to use as a substitute a healing preparation composed of yolk of egg, oil of roses, and turpentine. I slept badly that night, as I greatly feared that, when I came to examine the wounded on the following morning, I should find that those whose wounds I had failed to treat with boiling oil had died from poisoning. I arose at a very early hour, and was much surprised to discover that the wounds to which I had applied

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the egg and turpentine mixture were doing well; they were quite free from swelling and from all evidence of inflammatory action; and the patients themselves, who showed no signs of feverishness, said that they had experienced little or no pain and had slept quite well. On the other hand, the men to whose wounds I had applied the boiling oil said that they had experienced during the night, and were still suffering from, much pain at the seat of the injury; and I found that they were feverish and that their wounds were inflamed and swollen. After thinking the matter over carefully, I made up my mind that thenceforward I should abstain wholly from the painful practice of treating gunshot wounds with boiling oil."

For many years subsequently to these events Paré continued to serve actively in the frequent wars which took place between the royal troops of France and those of other European monarchs. In 1552, when he was thirty-five years of age, his rank in the army was raised to that of "Surgeon to the King," the entire medical staff at that period consisting of twelve surgeons of this rank. In 1554 he was admitted to the College of St. Cosmas in Paris, the highest professional honor to which a barber-surgeon might aspire; and in 1563, after the siege of Rouen, he received the appointment of "First Surgeon to Charles IX." After the latter's death Henry III also appointed Paré to the same position in his Court. Thus from almost the very beginning of his professional career to the time of his death Paré was honored in every possible way by four successive kings of France. It was Charles IX, however, who appears to have taken a greater interest in Paré's prosperity than did either of the other three kings. It was at the King's request, for example, that the brother-in-law of the Duke of Ascot, the Marquis of Auret, sent for Paré to undertake the treatment of a wound which he had received from a harquebus ball seven months previously. Paré gives the following account of this interesting case, which foreshadows, for example, in the changing of the patient's bed and linen and keeping him entertained during convalescence, the best modern hospital nursing:

"On arriving at the Château of Auret," writes Paré, "which is located not far from Mons in Belgium, I learned that the harquebus ball had entered the thigh near the knee, had done considerable damage to the soft parts, and had fractured the femur. When I was ushered into his bedchamber, I found the Marquis very much emaciated, his eyes deeply sunken in their sockets, his skin hot and of a yellowish hue, and his voice feeble like that of a man very near to death. . . . The leg was drawn up against the wall of the abdomen, and two large bedsores were visible posteriorly—one near the root of the spine, and the other somewhat higher up. Thus it was impossible for the patient to assume any posture in which he would be free from suffering. . . . All things considered, it did not seem to me that the Marquis could possibly recover from such a combination of bodily ills. Nevertheless, to give him some encouragement—for he was very low in spirits—I told him that, with the aid of God and the assistance of his regular medical attendants, I would soon have him on his feet again. Then I took a walk through the garden and prayed to God that he would bless the plan of treatment which I was about to adopt and would crown these efforts with a cure. At this moment I was called to dinner, and, as I passed through the kitchen, I observed that a very savory soup composed of several kinds of meat and a great variety of vegetables was being prepared in an enormous kettle. This, I said to myself, is the very thing our patient needs.

"After dinner, in the presence of the Duke of Ascot, a few friends of the family, and the assembled physicians and surgeons, I expressed considerable surprise that free openings had not been made in the Marquis's wounded thigh, in which bone caries and decomposition of the resulting discharge were already well established. The medical attendants replied that the patient was unwilling to submit to any such measures, and that he had even forbidden them to substitute clean linen bedclothes for those which were soiled and which had not been changed during the previous two months. . . .

"When the consultation had come to an end and the local medical attendants had given their full approval of the different measures which I recommended, . . . I proceeded to carry them out without further delay.

"Two or three hours after the completion of this operative work I instructed the house servants who were in immediate attendance upon the Marquis to place alongside his bed a second one equipped with a soft mattress, over which a fresh linen sheet, etc., had been spread. The transfer from one bed to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other was easily effected by a strong man, and when the change had been made the Marquis manifested great contentment. Two feather pillows were so placed under his back and loins that no pressure whatever would be made upon his bedsores. A refreshing sleep of four hours' duration followed the adoption of these different measures, and there was much rejoicing in the entire household."

After a course of treatment lasting several weeks Paré says: "Under this treatment the fever steadily diminished, the pain grew less and less, and the patient's strength increased. When the proper moment arrived, I advised the Marquis to engage the services of some musicians (players on stringed instruments) and one or two comedians, in order that his spirits might be cheered by occasional entertainments of this character. Already at the end of one month we found it practicable to carry him in a chair into the garden and as far as the entrance gate, where he could watch the passers-by. When it became known among the peasants that he was in the habit of sitting close to the highway, they came from far and near to sing and dance in groups for his entertainment. He was greatly loved by both the common people and the nobility.

"At the end of six weeks the Marquis was able to get about on crutches, and two weeks later still I bade him good-by and returned to Paris. Before I left he presented me with a gift of great value, and the Duchess of Ascot insisted on my accepting a beautiful diamond ring as a mark of her appreciation of the services which I had rendered to her brother."

Among the varied experiences which fell to the lot of Paré during his association with King Charles IX there is one which throws a little additional light upon the man's manner of promptly dealing with an event which, without such promptness of action, might have led to serious consequences.

He was passing through Montpellier one day in company with the King, when he stopped for a few minutes at the shop of an apothecary for the purpose of ascertaining how he preserved alive the vipers which he used in compounding the remedy which is called "theriaca," and which has been used from time immemorial as an antidote to the poison of venomous serpents. The apothecary placed before him a glass jar in which were kept a number of these reptiles; and, when Paré took up one of them in his fingers in order to obtain a better view of his fangs, the reptile bit him near the tip of his index finger, between the nail and the flesh. The pain which immediately followed was severe, partly, as Paré explains, because the tip of the finger is a very sensitive part, and probably also on account of the irritating effect of the venom. Then, to quote Paré's own words, "after making firm pressure upon the soft parts above the wound to prevent the poison from traveling upward, I crowded the skin downward in the hope of forcing as much of the venom as possible out of the finger. While doing these things I instructed the apothecary's assistant to mix some old theriaca with brandy, and then to apply a pledget of cotton, saturated with the mixture, over the wound. In the course of a few days, and with no other treatment, all effects of the bite disappeared."

The preceding extracts, taken some from works which Paré composed during his early manhood and others from those published by him toward the end of his career, show plainly that throughout his entire life his heart was wholly wrapped up in the practice of his profession, and more particularly in that part of the field which is known as surgery. The consensus of opinion among physicians of all nations is that he made a greater number of important contributions to the general stock of our knowledge of surgery than did any other surgeon of whom history makes mention. This was his great achievement in behalf of humanity; perhaps an equally great contribution to his profession was that he raised the status of the surgeon from that of a menial to that of a member of an honored profession.

Paré was an epigrammatic and polished writer as well as a skillful surgeon, and many delightful sayings indicative not only of a quick wit but of sound common sense are scattered throughout his writing, such as, "Small will be the influence exerted by him who chooses surgery as a career simply for what he may make out of it," or, "The frequent changing of physicians is not likely to bring comfort to the patient." One of his epigrams, expressed in his quaint old French, discloses perhaps one of the foundations of his success, namely, his belief that there was a power in nature superior to his own: "*Je le pansay*," he says, in speaking of one of his patients, "*et Dieu le guarist*"—I dressed his wound, but God caused it to heal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUMS

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

I HAVE had a good deal to do with bums in my time, and I want to say something about them, and conditions that go to produce them.

The most lost bum was not always a bum —that is the tragedy of the situation; yet the fact remains that once a man has sunk to bumdom the chance of his salvation is small indeed.

I ran a mission specially for bums in Avenue A for fifteen years. I hired the back room of a saloon, and held meetings in it every evening in the year. When I found that I couldn't close the saloon tight on Sunday, I took it on, too, so we had, after a time, the ancient saloon as our mission-house.

Avenue A, in those days (the early '80s) was a rough locality, and there was no difficulty in gathering in an old saloon the lost elements of bumdom which we sought to help.

Soon I became dissatisfied with the progress we made, and, failing to do much good with the submerged elders, we reached out for the children, and started services and Sunday-schools for them.

This part of the work was an almost immediate and lasting success. I mention it now, since it was the only justification I could see for continuing the mission.

The bum end of the mission never yielded us any adequate return for the time and money and great trouble it cost; but I kept it on, as I have said, for fifteen years, because one of my clergy, one of the best and holiest men I have ever known, had his whole heart in it; and it has been my experience that to get the best work from your fellow-laborer you must let him work in his own way if you would have him enthusiastically support you when you work in your own way.

If we didn't reclaim many bums, we gained valuable experience in the effort we made to do so.

I became gradually convinced that the true way to save the bums was to attack at their sources those springs of evil that made bums; try, as the great prophet of old did, to put the healing salt in at the head of the spring, and so sweeten life's waters and help a city.

Can nothing more be done than this? Must you take so slow and roundabout a way? I answer, on rare occasions, the most lost can be saved. I will refer to such occasions in a moment. But an attempt to save fallen and disheartened men is no child's play; people whose emotions are their chief guides are not much use at it. We must resolutely look the awful facts of life in the face.

Sudden resolutions made, sudden religious experiences professed, have very little lasting value here. When a man has sunk into an abnormal moral condition, his very bodily functions have been strained, his whole moral and mental make-up shaken and weakened; he is in a state peculiarly unfavorable to the production of healthy human resolve.

I say again, dealing with humanity at close quarters is responsible and serious work, and none should attempt it who think mortal moral wounds can be stanched by a sort of cheap "first aid to the wounded" kind of religion.

No man is made, or can be made, by his present alone. We are what we are because of a silent, relentless accumulation of past upon past.

I learned in my study of bums to discriminate between the man who was down and out, and the other man who, unless I helped him, would soon be down and out. The first I seldom helped permanently, the second I often succeeded in helping.

It is said of the Master that, "as he passed by, he saw a man," etc. I believe profoundly in trying at least to train one's self to *look* at people as you pass, to try to see beneath these masks of life we all assume.

I believe in developing a habit of looking for chances to aid people. You will be deceived, of course, often. You will lose money (if you have it). I lost twenty-five dollars in this way a few days ago, as told further on in this article. You will lose time. But you will be repaid in the end. When I was younger, and spent part of every holiday fishing, we had a saying, "The luckiest fisherman is the man who keeps his fly longest in the water." So it is with the fisher of men. As he *passes by* he sees. How does he see? What does he see?

He instinctively sees some broken man sinking for need of a helping hand—nay, even a helping *finger* might renew the van-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ishing manhood of him and set him on his feet again.

I made it my rule for years to speak to any one—man, woman, or child—met in public ways whenever and wherever I had a feeling that I ought to do so.

This habit has sometimes got me into trouble, but I never shall give it up.

One stormy night, some years ago, I was making my way home. A penetrating sleet was falling. I reached the corner of Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue, when I saw a man standing under a lamp-post. He had no overcoat, and as I passed him I noticed that his attitude bespoke utter indecision and discouragement. We had quite a talk. He had done wrong, and was paying part of the penalty. I gave him a quite liberal sum of money then and there (not a thing that I should often do), and, with a new courage in his eyes, the battered, snow-soaked figure shook itself together as we separated and went our several ways into the night.

I had a letter from him a year afterwards. He blessed me, returned me my money, and said he was doing well, and trying to help others to do well too.

One of my dearest friends to-day, an accomplished and useful man, came to me from the very verge of bumdom. He has often said: "A few weeks more, and I would have been down and out. For three weeks I had slept in an empty ice-wagon on a pier by the North River. I was learning to stand the cold. I had discovered how to secure sufficient food." The letter I now quote in part is from him.

I told him of a man I had lately lent twenty-five dollars to. The man, whose looks I did not quite like, had prevailed on me to help him by proving to me that he had had a long and rather intimate acquaintance with this friend of mine.

"I am sorry that my old friend (?) —— did you out of twenty-five dollars. For five years that fellow begged, borrowed, and stole from me, but I always took him up again. One morning, about twenty-five years ago, he came to my room and said, 'I am hungry and have had no breakfast nor the money to pay for one.' I told him I would pay for a good breakfast on one condition, and that condition was that he would enlist in the army.

"We had breakfast together, and after breakfast went to the recruiting office. He joined the army and did well, working his way up. I think he remained in the army eight or ten years. He is a man of education, and was a lieutenant of the reserve in the general army. I had many letters from him while he was in the army. One day he came back looking prosperous, and forged my name for a check.

"I could write a booklet on that fellow. What he wrote you of his doings was quite true. . . . Well, . . . I am not sorry that I believe in men, even if I have been taken in at times. I don't think life is worth much if you cannot believe in people. Here and there you help a good soul in a rotten-looking body. I think the Church to-day is doing very little for the man who knocks at her door. It seems the easiest way out to send the poor fellow from one charitable agency to another; this usually ends with an investigation and an entry in a beautifully kept card catalogue—and adding to the list one more enemy who is against society and on whom society has shut its door. It is so easy to condemn a man and get rid of him on the ground that he looks mean and cannot look you in the eye. I know when I first pulled the bell in the basement of —— I would have thought it impudence to straighten up and look —— straight in the eye.

"When a man is down, he cannot take that liberty. *Ah*, it takes men who look through the outside of a man, who can see the remnants of the real man still alive within him, who are quick to see good in him, men who really love and respect mankind—it takes such men to help the bum." Such a man is the writer of this letter. Few there are, I believe, in New York who have helped "the down-and-outers" as has he. He is one of those who "as he passes by sees."

WHENCE BUMS COME

A large proportion of them come from the subnormal element in our communities. By subnormal, of course, I mean the big family of those predestined to failure through no fault of their own—those who fail because they cannot keep the pace set by their fellows; those whose mental or physical powers are not equal to bearing the average load which life imposes on us all.

Multitudes there are of such, and we have taken little heed of them. Their failure begins in their school days; and in those earliest days of disaster, if the subnormal child were recognized and helped, treated scientifically as a subnormal and not as a normal child, many of them could doubtless be saved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leaving these poor young things to themselves; giving them no aid but such as can be afforded by a harassed teacher whose whole attention is required by large classes of pupils, or by disappointed and ignorant parents, is to be guilty of something graver than a mistake.

It is to handicap the teacher, to lessen the efficiency of the schools—for a subnormal child will hold back a class—and to destroy probably what hope and courage there are in the failing child's own breast.

Scientific educationists are at work on this problem, and soon we may hope to have a more intelligent and efficient help given to these children that are ready to perish.

One thing is certain—these weaklings must have teachers and teaching of their own. They are wholly unfit to struggle for themselves in the competitive atmosphere of the public schools.

If they are not to be human parasites, if the community is to be saved the burden of caring for them or the expense of defending itself against them, then the work of educating and drawing out what possibilities of good they have must be undertaken early. They must be saved from the street and the gang. To leave them unaided and uncared for is to push many of them towards crime and to render all of them, soon or late, an expensive charge to somebody; for the bum is a parasite—he costs the public more than his keep.

SCABS AND STRIKE-BREAKERS ARE ON THE WAY TO BECOME BUMS

Many bums, however, are far from being abnormal—many of them are clever men. One I remember well, who came to Avenue A Mission for years, always carried his Horace in his pocket; he was an excellent Latin scholar, and a thorough ne'er-do-weel. I don't think he had ever done an honest day's work in his life.

I don't mean to say that the bum would like a scab's job or to join a band of strike-breakers; not he—he has become a soft gentleman, soft as his own dirty hands; but I do say that many once scabs and strike-breakers sink down at last into bumdom.

I am not theorizing, but speaking from actual experience, when saying this. So much is to be expected. If a man surrenders his class, even if he is forced to do so by dire necessity—if the claims of wife and children, for instance, force the unfortunate fellow to take his stand in the ranks of the enemies of his order—the result is the same; his loss of self-esteem is none the less real because he has been forced to take a step downward.

The scab is a scab. Some legislator the other day proposed to abolish the name; blotting out the name will not destroy the thing, alas!

The scab is on a lower moral level than the union man. This may be an unpleasant doctrine, but it is only the truth, and both scab and labor-unionist know and admit it. The scab has set himself against the recognized armies of his class, and has become a traitor to his cause. I am not saying that that cause as advocated is necessarily good and just; whether it be either or neither does not make any difference. He has been forced to obey the crudest of all instincts—that of self-preservation—and to do this he has sinned against a higher, later, more complex, more advanced social instinct, viz., the instinct of class preservation, of class consciousness. To fill his belly he has betrayed his cause, and to betray it is to sin the unforgivable sin. As Kipling says:

"Now this is the law of the jungle—as old and as true as the sky;
And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the wolf that shall break it must die.
As the creeper that girdles the tree-trunk the law runneth forward and back—
For the strength of the pack is the wolf, and the strength of the wolf is the pack."

Wolf or man, no one respects him who breaks the pack's law, and he soon ceases to respect himself.

It is a strange, strong law, the law of the pack, old as the hills, perhaps older—the law of the animal world before there was man. Translated into human terms, the law of the pack means class consciousness.

Obedience here is an instinctive thing, and we sin against it at our peril. The wild antelope expelled from the herd soon perishes.

The mightiest and wisest of all animals, the elephant, when he is forced from the herd becomes a "rogue elephant," the most dangerous of all savage beasts. And we poor humans, when we break the pack law, are in a fair way soon to become dangerous rogues too.

The rich and the strong should be the last to denounce and oppose the growth of class consciousness among the laborers of our land.

They, above all, foster class consciousness,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

defend it, and practice it; under all circumstances they stand and have stood together.

Who ever heard of the officers of one railway that was honestly run denouncing the men that wrecked another?

Good and honest men everywhere, among themselves, should and do denounce dishonest business and dishonorable business men. But class consciousness keeps them silent in public.

And the inevitable overlapping of business by business often forces men who are at daggers drawn one year to be co-directors in the concerns they fought over the next. It may be necessary, may be inevitable. But be fair to the other fellow. If it is admissible for the millionaires to stand together, then the men who have only their hands to sell surely must.

THE NEW BOOKS

A GROUP OF RECENT POEMS

FOUR BOOKS OF VERSE

Forty years ago an able man gave it as his opinion that in a generation literature would have run its course and the interest of the world would be concentrated on science. A generation has passed; science has made immense advances and holds a great place in the thoughts and lives of men, but the interest of the world is not concentrated on science. A generation ago there were many who wrote elegies on the drama as a literary form which had become extinct. To-day the new plays are legion. Prophets of this temper are now predicting that the novel will be superseded by the play. One prophecy has proved to be as good as another, and all have failed of fulfillment. Those who see in the notable deepening and widening of interest in human conditions and the rise of a vast literature of sociology the passing of the older forms of literature will be overtaken by the same fate. Men are not vital and disciplined enough to keep all subjects in the field of vision at the same moment nor to press with equal strength along all the paths of endeavor, but no fundamental human interest ever finally passes from the mind of the world; neglected for a time, it reappears because it is a vital expression of the human spirit.

This is a practical age; with enormous energies devoted to material ends, it uses mechanism of magical ingenuity; but it remains true, as Arnold said, that the future of poetry is immense; immense, it may be added, not because religion is failing, but because it is one of the greater resources of the spirit. Whether the poetry now coming into the world is of permanent value is an open question, but of the volume of poetry being produced there has ceased to be a question; it is large and it is increasing. These facts prove the existence of a widespread poetic impulse, a stirring of the soul of the time.

If the skeptical reader will open Mr. Woodberry's latest book of verse, "The Flight, and Other Poems,"[1] he will find himself as completely out of the atmosphere of commercialism and materialism as if he were reading Spenser. No man has more loyally followed the gleam than the author whose "North Shore Watch" awakened hopes of future achievement many years ago. In prose and verse Mr. Woodberry has shown the possession of the spiritual and artistic qualities of the poet: sensitiveness of imagination, command of poetic diction, and the musical cadence and deep-going idealism of the masters of song. If at times intellectual interests have seemed to overshadow human interests in his work, they have read "The Heart of Man" and "Wild Eden" very carelessly who have missed the restrained emotion in two volumes in which poetic insight and feeling are as obvious in the book of prose as in the book of verse.

In Mr. Woodberry's latest collection of poems there is the touch of melancholy which no imagination escapes in the ancient seats of civilization around the Mediterranean or in the desert. The weight of dead hopes and lost illusions rests on such poems as "Beyond Good and Evil" and "Demeter," but the poet's faith in the ultimate truth is not obscured by the memory of vanished races and lost arts:

> "Through times and seasons flying
> We have found things stand sure,
> One truth, among all things dying,
> The years leave more secure;

[1] The Flight, and Other Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. The Macmillan Company, New York $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only what is spent in giving
Escapes from wealth's decay,
Only what is built into living
Never passes away."

The air of aloofness and detachment which sometimes muffles the appeal of Mr. Woodberry's later verse suggests an excess of solitude.

In all lyrical poetry there is that touch of personality which is revealed in point of view, atmosphere, and presence or absence of passion, which report individual temperament and quality of nature as truly as direct expression. In Mrs. Robinson's latest collection of poems, "One Woman to Another,"[1] the reader is aware at once that he is in the presence of a woman whom life touches with almost poignant intensity, whose imagination is never divorced from emotion, and whose words are vitally related to the experience which craves expression. There is nothing academic in these poems, they are not skillful improvisations, light and dexterous experiments with rhyme; their sincerity is too marked, their energy of spirit too evident. Vigor of feeling, courage in dealing with the facts of life, joy in love, loyalty, work, give Mrs. Robinson's poems the spirit and force of vital appeal. This note is present in all her moods; in lighter vein it is heard in these lines:

RUNNING IN THE RYE

"There's a boy, a little fellow,
And he's running in the rye—tumbled hair
with tints of yellow,
And the color of the sky
Shining in the starry wonder of his deep and
dreamy eye.

How he races, as he chases
First a gleaming butterfly,
Swift to follow then a swallow—
Dipping, floating, sailing by,
Skimming o'er the brimming billows of the
undulating rye!

He is spring-time, he is sing-time,
And the joy that grief has slain
Wells within me like a torrent
Till it purges me of pain—
And the passion that I bear him
Floods my heart with youth again!'

Mr. Giddings calls his volume of verse "Pagan Poems,"[2] and explains in his introductory note that the title has no irreligious intent, but is chosen because it emphasizes "the inextinguishable faith in possibilities of life" which has been shared by every age.

No one has a better right than an able and serious teacher of the most modern subjects to give his "soul a loose"—to recall another distinguished college teacher—and there are poems in this collection which have their place in that playground of the human spirit which we call art, but they are not the songs of an "empty hour" nor of an idle singer; such a poem as "Creation" has in it the seeds of an epic, but it has the quality of song. The birth of poetry could hardly be more happily told than in these verses:

"Then he cut a reed by the river marge,
And soothly fashioned it,
And on it blew a glad, sweet note;
The wild repeated it.

'With this,' he said, 'you shall tell your heart,
While ever the world shall stand,
And wild and child, and man and God,
Shall hear, and understand.'

God said: 'It is well, they have found the way,
They know, and understand.'"

This book of verse speaks to the mind as well as to the ear, and has that quality of thought which calls the imagination into action. The tribute to "Tristam" has a fine vigor, an appealing pathos, to those who knew the chivalrous youth whose "strength was of the arm of Thor" and all whose ways were sweet. The lighter mood of Dr. Giddings's verses is happily expressed in

THE HALF-GROWN WHEAT

"Across the field of half-grown wheat
That lies along the hillside there,
Where you and I, one summer fair,
Went wandering, hand in hand, my Sweet,

Go wandering shadows now that lift
And now that fall across the light,
Beneath the wayward shapes of white
Soft clouds that idly overdrift.

I wonder if the shadows, Sweet,
That mingle in the spirit's vision
Fall from the clouds, that sail the heaven,
As on the field of half-grown wheat!"

Some one has said that Mr. Edward Sandford Martin's short editorials are the only things that make "Life" worth living; and there are many readers of that vivacious little journal who turn to those succinct comments, not only because they are very entertainingly done, but because they are characterized, as a rule, by an extraordinarily straight view of

[1] One Woman to Another, and Other Poems. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

[2] Pagan Poems. By Franklin Henry Giddings. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things and a kind of elemental common sense. With such readers they compensate for the free and easy divorce attitude of "Life," its unenlightened position on vivisection, its brutality to the Jew, and its general unfairness to the clergy.

Mr. Martin has a gift in verse as happy as his gift in prose. He does not attempt very serious themes, though there are both thought and emotion in many of these lightly touched verses. To say a serious thing with ease and lightness is the art of the writer of the short essay, the after-dinner speaker, and the poet of the *vers de société*. Mr. Martin is something more than a society poet; but he has the entertaining quality, the natural ease, and the pleasantness of a poet whose work is sometimes undervalued by people of solemn mind. His lines on "Insomnia" are a very good example of the pleasant quality of this verse:[1]

"Come, vagrant sleep, and close the lid
Upon the casket of my thought;
Come, truant, come when thou art bid,
And let thyself be caught.

For lonely is the night, and still;
And save my own no breath I hear,
No other mind, no other will,
Nor heart nor hand is near.

Thy waywardness what prayer can move!
Canst thou by any lure be brought?
Or art thou then like woman's love
That only comes unsought?

Up! Where's my dressing gown? My pipe is here.
Slumber be hanged! Now for a book and beer."

Glory of Belgium (The). By Roger Ingpen. Illustrations by W. L. Bruckman. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $5.

Belgians at Home (The). By Clive Holland. The Macmillan Company, New York. 40c.

Mr. Ingpen's text and Mr. Bruckman's colored pictures give us a graphic idea of Belgium past and present—but mostly past. For the first-named book a more exact title would have been "Mediæval Belgium" or "The Towns of Belgium." We are not told much about the Belgians as a people—the kind of information which we have in Mr. Clive Holland's illuminative book; but we are told a great deal about particular places and the characteristics of those places, for instance, about Brussels, Bruges, Antwerp, Mechlin, Ghent, Courtrai, Tournai, Oudenarde, Ypres, Liège, Mons, Charleroi, Spa, Namur, Dinant, Louvain, Aerschot. The value of the work as a book of reference to these towns is halved because there is no index; this seems an inexcusable neglect when one considers the excellence and suggestiveness of the text.

The chief compelling feature of interest in connection with Belgian towns is their architecture. Ecclesiastical architecture may have been more or less borrowed from France, but in the domain of civic architecture we have here additional proof, especially in the art of the fifteenth century, of bold national characteristics which make of Flemish civic architecture a thing quite apart. Another feature of the book to which attention should be drawn is the author's criticism of the great pictures in Belgian galleries and churches. That this is a very individual and trenchant criticism may be gathered from the following excerpt concerning Rubens's "Crucifixion" in Antwerp Cathedral:

When Rubens painted it he was dreaming of Michael Angelo. The drawing is harsh, violent, and fierce, like that of the Roman school. All the muscles seem to protrude at the same time, all the bones and all the cartilages are in evidence, nerves of steel penetrate a flesh of granite. The bister of Italy predominates easily over the carnations which the Antwerp painter habitually strews around with so lavish a hand. The hangmen are giants of elephantine proportion and countenances of bestial ferocity. Christ himself shares in a similar exaggeration, and has the appearance rather of a Milo of Crotona nailed and riveted to the cross by rival athletes, rather than a Deity sacrificing himself voluntarily for the redemption of humanity. The only thing Flemish about the composition is a Snyderslike big dog which barks aloud to himself in a corner.

In 1911 The Outlook noticed the appearance of Mr. Clive Holland's large work on Belgium with its colored illustrations. We now record its publication in abridged form and at a low price.

Naples and Southern Italy. By Edward Hutton. The Macmillan Company. $2.

One always expects from any book by Mr. Edward Hutton on Italy a peculiarly sympathetic treatment, and he never disappoints us. In his latest volume, however, this author is met by a condition which had not previously confronted him, namely, the abhorrence instead of a strong liking for the people whom he must describe. Any one who has ever sojourned in Italy will feel with Mr. Hutton that the Neapolitans are indeed far removed from the north Italians. As he says of Naples:

It might seem, on first acquaintance at least, to be rather a pen of animals than a city of men, a place amazing, if you will, but disgusting in its amazement, whose life is merely life, without dignity, beauty, or reticence, or any of the nobler conventions of civilization; a place so restless and noisy and confused that it might be pandemonium. . . . The mere extent of the place, too, stretching for miles in all its sordidness along the seashore, appalls one, for its disorder is a violent disorder; its voice the voice of the mob, cruel, blatant, enormous, signifying nothing.

Of course this is only Naples the city. Mr. Hutton has pleasanter material in describing the suburbs of Naples and the towns of south-

[1] Poems. By Edward Sandford Martin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ern Italy. The illustrations in color are well done; those not in color are commonplace.

Hillsboro People. By Dorothy Canfield. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.35.

There is no question about the truth of simple Martin's reply to a city person's inquiry as to what the Hillsboro people *did* all the time "so far from everything." "*Do?* Why, we jes' *live*." Under the author's sensitive handling our eyes are opened to a new, but very different, Old Chester—the gift of Mrs. Deland. Once again we are stirred by a portrayal of true living, such as we feared survived only in the rich legacy left to the world by Sara Orne Jewett. Humor in its most charming effect, pathos elusive and unforeseen, picturesque views of the Vermont hills bringing balsam fragrance with them, and a depth of neighborly understanding and insight into humanity, noble and frail alike, make this book of village tales worthy of a prominent place on the short shelf of treasured stories about "our folks." The good-natured irony of "Hillsboro's Good Luck" delighted "Atlantic" readers some time ago. "A Drop in the Bucket" is excellent food for thought in these days when everything is being "surveyed." "Petunias" holds a needed lesson for superior yet unobservant travelers who cannot stand the test of village intelligence. Scorning their boarder who had "traveled in 'em steady for five years," Grandma said, "I bet she was blindfolded and gagged and had cotton in her ears the hull time she was there!"

Millionaire (The). By Michael Artzibashef. Translated by Percy Pinkerton. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $1.25.

This volume contains three short stories by the author of "Sanine." Concerning "Sanine" we are told in a very interesting semi-biographical introduction that it was written, not after the revolutionary period, as the Introduction stated and The Outlook repeated, but in 1903. This fact, the author tells us, was suppressed by the Russian critics who have been trying to persuade the public that "Sanine" is the outcome of the reaction which followed the failure of the revolution in 1907. It was not brought out at the time, because the censor interfered and the publishers would not take the risk. The three stories in this volume present the striking contrast in Russian society. They are all very painful reading. The Millionaire is a sensualist with a dull mind; his thoughts move in a monotonous circle and he presses upon himself, conscious every moment of his position as a millionaire and suspecting every one who approaches him of a desire to make something out of him. In his relations with the women who come in his way he is a beast.

The short story "Nina," which closes the volume, is also a study in Russian bestiality, too painful to read except by physiologists. On the other hand, "Ivan Lande" is a study of the opposite extreme of the Slavonic temperament; the unworldly mystic capable of entire self-forgetfulness and self-immolation. Such a society as that depicted in these stories produces this type by reaction from the bestial type. The book is uncompromisingly realistic; and it must therefore be taken, like Zola's novels, as a description of a very limited area of human motive and action.

Prisoners of Hope, and Other Sermons. By the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50.

Bishop Brent, who began as a member of the Cowley Fathers, has been Missionary Bishop of the Philippine Islands for a number of years past and has made himself, by his courage, his ability, and his disinterested service, one of the leading men in the Far East. These sermons have the prophetic quality which differentiates them at once from the great mass of sermonic literature. They are characterized by broad information, fervent imagination, and the spirit of devotion. The first four sermons which Bishop Brent puts under the general head of "Revelation" have a special significance to-day; they press through the misery and blackness of the war to the great liberating spiritual results which the Bishop foresees; while such a sermon as "A Plea for Fairness," preached in Westminster Abbey, ought to be in the hands of every preacher who is not a prophet, for it is the preachers without the prophetic vision who confuse Christianity with ecclesiasticism and religion with creeds. Bishop Brent undervalues neither; but he looks over all walls of division and sees the kingdom of God, not only as a glorious dream, but as a possible achievement.

Philosophy of the Spirit (The). By John Snaith. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

The author is a veteran British minister, and of eminence in the Primitive Methodist denomination, which includes some accomplished scholars as well as famous preachers. He specializes in Hegelian philosophy, and asserts that "to reduce the universe to a consistent system of thought, as was done by Hegel, is probably the greatest feat ever accomplished by man." Affirming that "logical science, logical philosophy, and Scriptural Christianity are essentially identical," this volume of four hundred octavo pages undertakes to wed Hegel's dialectic with the truths of Christian experience. Mr. Snaith utterly rejects the so-called New Theology as "the wisdom of this world which knows not God." He dissents from those who "object to the miracle of God making woman from the rib of Adam." His idea of personality is intellectual rather than ethical—"deny that man's thought is infinite, and you deny the personality of man." This is sheer moral heresy, as well as poor psychology.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY THE WAY

The most solid book in the world, says the "Fine Arts Journal" of Chicago, has recently been presented to the Field Museum. It has only ten pages, but they consist of exquisitely engraved slabs of the finest jade. The book was made by order of the Chinese Emperor Kang-hsi (1662–1722), and is a family document of great historic value. The text is in Chinese and Manchu, with elaborate ornamentation on the first and last pages. It is believed that this precious relic was turned into cash through the necessities of the deposed Imperial family, who have been in retirement, with a limited income, since the establishment of the Chinese Republic.

The faithful service of the teachers in Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, was recently recognized in a way which is perhaps without precedent in this country in either white or colored schools. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Rosenwald, of Chicago, in celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, distributed $5,000 among these teachers. Mr. Rosenwald sent to each of the teachers so recognized a warm and cordial letter of appreciation.

A patent has been issued for a device which some millions of more or less exasperated householders have craved in vain. It is an adjustable caster, so made that it can be lengthened or shortened when the table or other piece of furniture will not stand firmly on an uneven floor. This will make it unnecessary to hunt for a chip or wedge to keep the table from tilting.

Newspaper reports that $10,000 had been offered for a passenger pigeon's nest containing two eggs are characterized as baseless by the United States Department of Agriculture. This pigeon, which formerly existed in flocks of millions in this country, is probably entirely extinct. A bona-fide reward of $1,000 by Clark University five years ago resulted in a fruitless hunt for specimens of the pigeon.

A bandage which Japanese ingenuity devised for the wounded soldier has been adapted and improved upon by Germans and British. The Japanese introduced a triangular bandage to be carried by each soldier; the German and British armies have largely adopted the same kind of bandage, but print on it pictures showing just how it is to be applied by the soldier to different kinds of wounds.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of volcanic action is that of the huge wells in the craters of the Hawaiian volcanoes, described in the "Century Magazine" in an interview with Dr. Arthur L. Day, of the Carnegie Institution. These wells "descend straight down through the lava rock for hundreds or thousands of feet, keeping a fairly uniform width of twenty feet." They are "round and straight and true," with portions that are glazed and fired, making them look as if they had been treated in a porcelain furnace. While Dr. Day made a hazardous exploration of the crater of Kilauea, no one has yet had the temerity to explore these vast perpendicular tunnels leading into the earth's interior.

The creators of the most popular comic characters of the daily newspapers, according to an illustrated article in "Everybody's Magazine," get salaries of from "a paltry $15,000 to a Presidential $50,000 a year." The pictures accompanying the article will suggest to many readers the thought that the public could do no better service to art and humor than to pay these salaries to the "comic-ers" to stop work altogether.

Instead of standing over a fire waiting patiently for the sugary decoction to come to a boil and perhaps burning it, according to a writer in the "Ladies' Home Journal," one can make candy without cooking. The secret of thus making delicious "cherry creams," "walnut delights," "Neapolitan cream squares," etc., is, she says, "to use the finest confectioners' sugar, which is so fine that when rubbed between the thumb and finger no grain is felt."

The Moors are the politest and most genial people, taken as a whole, that are to be found anywhere, a writer in "Travel" reports in describing a visit to Fez. Politeness ends, however, it seems, in the vicinity of the Mosque of Moulai Idris, founder and protector of Fez. The streets here are barred off by poles, and Christians, Jews, and even animals are forbidden to enter. "A few days before our arrival a Frenchman had been almost beaten to death for trespassing in this quarter," the traveler says. The tourist naturally made no attempt to take photographs in this section; elsewhere the polite natives did not object to his use of the camera —a Western invention not usually welcomed in Mohammedan towns.

The poetical language often used by the untutored Irish peasant, made familiar in the plays of Yeats, Synge, and Lady Gregory, has an illustration in an article on "The Customs of an Irish County" in "Harper's Magazine" for July. "Ah, then," says the blind fiddler, "you are asking me why I smile, sitting by my lone in the doorway, with only the warmth of the sun on my face to tell me there is light at all. I am smiling because I heard a lovely thing—the voice of our blessed Lord's mother. Grander it was than the whispering of the Little People I hear sometimes back beyond in the rath."

Montague Glass, author of the "Potash and Perlmutter" stories, says that he "tears up about three-quarters of the stuff he writes;" but as he works every morning, and averages a thousand dollars for a story now, he contrives to keep the wolf from the door.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED